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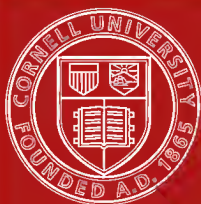
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Peaceful valley : a famous play in three



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PEACEFUL VALLEY

The Famous Play in Three Acts

WRITTEN BY

EDWARD E. KIDDER

Precisely as given by the late SOL. SMITH RUSSELL

Played over 5000 times to Enormous Success Everywhere

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PEACEFUL VALLEY

CHARACTERS.

HOSEA HOWE, *a man of the mountains, who says what he means and means what he says!*.....Star.
JOTHAM FORD, *a hotel keeper*.....Character.
WARD ANDREWS, *who will bear watching*.....Heavy.
LEONARD RAND, *a merchant prince*.....Old man.
CHARLEY RAND, *his son, with his troubles all before him*.....Juvenile comedy.
JACK FARQUHAR, *who is miscast in the drama of life!*.....Juvenile lead.
WILSON, *a waiter*.....Utility.
VIRGIE RAND, *a girl worth winning*.....Juvenile lead.
NIOBE FARQUHAR, *Jack's sister*.....Ingenué.
PHYLLIS HOWE, *one of the good old stock*.....Old woman.
MARTHA, *her daughter*.....Juvenile

ACT I

The Ayrtop House, White mountains.
Hosea falls from grace!

ACT II

Hosea's home and the "Perpendicular Farm."
"I'll walk every step of the way."

ACT III

The "best room" at Mrs. Howe's.
Hosea has his day!

TYPES OF CHARACTER

HOSEA. *Smooth faced—young—awkward. Intelligent, but showing environment of New England in speech and manner. A lovable character and strong under stress.*

WILSON. *New England—common.*

MR. RAND. *Middle age—imperious—New York merchant.*

JOTHAM. *Fat—bald headed—middle aged. Strong New England dialect—dictatorial.*

ANDREWS. *Tall—about 30. Schemer, but very ingratiating.*

JACK. *Young—free hearted—good looking. Good impulses—badly placed.*

CHARLEY. *Hates to be serious. Good hearted—rather lazy—boyish, smooth face.*

PHYLLIS. *Sympathetic old woman—country type—earnest, loving and sincere—who “mothers” everyone.*

MARTHA. *A sweet and fine minded girl—duped by a scoundrel. She is timid and trustful.*

NIobe. *Merry, light comedy, but tender and sympathetic.*

VIRGIE. *A splendid girl—high bred—educated—keen to observe misfortune and quick to aid it.*

 COSTUMES

ACT I

Evening dress for all except those named below. Virgie's and Niobe's costumes handsome.

HOSEA. *Shabby, shiny black jacket and vest—waiter's apron.*

PEACEFUL VALLEY

WILSON. The same.

ANDREWS. Summer business suit—smart.

JOTHAM. Country-looking, summer suit.

ACT II

HOSEA. Farming suit—overalls—boots—straw hat. All of the soil but not too uncouth.

MR. RAND. Same as ACT 1st

JOTHAM. Same as ACT 1st.

ANDREWS. Summer business suit.

PHYLLIS. Simple—home-made, country dress—cap.

CHARLEY. Summer outing suit.

NIOBE. Pretty summer outing suit.

JACK. Outing suit.

VIRGIE. Pretty summer suit and hat.

ACT III

HOSEA. Smart city summer suit and hat.

JOTHAM. Some slight change from ACT II.

MR. RAND. Different summer business suit.

PHYLLIS. Her "Sunday clothes"—black silk, lace collar, etc.

CHARLEY. Another summer suit.

NIOBE. Another summer suit.

JACK. Business suit.

VIRGIA. Pretty summer travelling dress.

MARTHA. Plain but neat and becoming summer travelling suit—gray preferable—plain hat.

ACT I

SCENE PLOT:—(Summer). *Full stage with mountain drop at back. Wood wings and borders. Green carpet or grass mats. Country hotel bal-*

cony and steps R. 3 E., with exit to R. Stone wall running across stage from R. to L. 3 E. Behind this an idea of height must be given looking down into valley. The part of balcony that faces L., made to break away and a mattress behind wall two and one-half or three feet high.

ACT II

(Summer). Neat New England cottage interior in 3, backed by the "perpendicular farm" seen through large C. window opening and door L. (in flat). Vines, plants, etc. Doors R. and L. Closet R. 2 E. Mountain pass C. and R. at back down which people make their entrances if possible. Old-fashioned furniture, tall clock, rocking chairs, book-case L., small mirror R. over mantel.

ACT III

(Summer). Old-fashioned New England parlor in 3—neat, old style black horse hair furniture, rag carpet, etc. Mantel and fire-place L. Picture of old man over mantel. Daguerreotype on mantel. Windows in flat R. and L. to open. Door in flat R. Door L. Green blinds to open out. Same mountain view as in ACT I.

 PROPERTIES

ACT I

Sugar bowl—bundle for HOSEA—bell on table—book and napkin for HOSEA. Note book for JOTHAM.

Bill of fare for WILSON. Handkerchief for VIRGIE. Tray—milk and pumpkin pie for WILSON.

ACT II

Hoe for HOSEA. Woman's dress in wardrobe, razor—rug—soap and strop, mug R. 1 E., over wash-stand. Knitting needles and broom for PHYLLIS. Kitchen garden bouquet and two farm buckets for HOSEA. Cigarette for CHARLEY. Book shelf with a dozen large books. Old-fashioned carpet bag for PHYLLIS.

ACT III

Andirons on fire place L. Crystallized grasses in vases on mantel L. Conch sheets—daguerrotypes—wax flowers, on table and mantel. Old style portrait of HOSEA'S father L. Oval frame of hair-flowers in wreath with protruding glass. Old-fashioned mirror R.—2 rag mats—suit case and earrings for HOSEA.

SCENE:—Sunset effect. Ladder. Cornet UP. Handbell on table. Book with pie. Sugar in bowl, ready R. The Ayrtop House, White Mountains. Full stage, backed by handsome mountain effect. Hotel balcony and steps R. 3 E. An idea of height and depth must be given. Gradual late afternoon and mist effects. Sunset, changing to gradual moonlight effects. Comfortable tables, chairs, etc. Table set R. 1 E.

PEACEFUL VALLEY

MUSIC—"Bonnie Eloise."

DISCOVERED:—*At rise of curtain, JOTHAM FORD discovered at back, looking off. Laughs outside. R.*

JOTHAM. There they are, runnin' round and round the hotel, an' all fer what,—to get up an appetite for supper. Why, they eat me out of house and home as it is. The keen mountain air, eh? Well, the mountain landlord's as keen as the mountain air. If I can't swell their bills a little then there's no snakes. They make me take all the tables out of the dinnin' room jest 'cause they want a dance, an' we're eatin' all over the place.

(Grabs at fly and catches it.)

There! I'll put that fly in the sugar bowl an' I'll see if them children don't steal the sugar.

(Puts fly in sugar bowl on table R., and puts lid down quickly.)

There! if that fly's gone when I look, somebody'll suffer.

(Looks L.)

There come them Farquhars. Plenty of money an' nothin' to do. They'd ought to stand a putty good bill of extras.

(Exit in house. Ready for Tally-ho outside.)

(Enter NIOBE and JACK FARQUHAR L., full dress.)

NIOBE. *(crosses R. C.)* I never saw such independent servants in my life.

JACK. *(crosses C.)* Many of them are not ordinary servants, you know. They are students who earn their college expenses by waiting on the tables here. *(crosses, Tally-ho horn blows)*

(CORNET OFF R.)

NIOBE. *(runs to balcony (tally-ho horn outside) and looks off R.)* Oh, Jack! Jack! the coach is unloading,—one,—two,—three. Oh, pshaw!

(Comes down and flops in chair R.)

Not a man among 'em.

JACK. *(lights cigar, stands L.)* Too bad.

NIOBE. All girls?

JACK. Eh?

(Jumps up and rushes to balcony bridge at back.)

Girls? Yes, that's so. And some deuced pretty ones, too.

NIOBE. There are too many girls here now.

JACK. *(comes down)* I don't think so.

NIOBE. A dance without men is like a dinner without wine.

JACK. Or a game of poker without stakes, eh?

NIOBE. I like to dance with big, dashing, demoniac, splendid, cyclonic fellows——

JACK. Good gracious!

NIOBE. Who can whirl me off my feet, and intoxicate me with the motion of the waltz. But there isn't one.

JACK. *(on platform on bridge, seated on rail)* Well, I like that. Am I not a man? A splendid, big, dashing, demoniac, cyclonic——

NIOBE. Ha, ha, ha! Not a bit like it. Besides, no girl wants to dance with her brother.

JACK. (*upon platform*) Well, for the matter of that, no fellow's wildly, madly, desperately anxious to caper in a waltz with his sister. There,—how does that strike you?

NIOBE. That's fine.

(*Enter JOTHAM R.*)

JOTHAM. Beg pardon,—did you say wine?

NIOBE. No. I said fine. (*crosses UP L., looks R. towards house*)

JOTHAM. (R.) Well, them two words, fine and wine, is synonymous.

(*JACK comes down C.*)

JACK. (C.) Synonymous! Good gracious! (*crosses L. to bench. NIOBE looking off*)

JOTHAM. Yes, it's a fine to sell wine here, but—

(*Takes JACK aside.*)

There's more'n one way to kill a cat. If any of our guests say they want sparklin' cider to their rooms, an' gives the wink, they gets wine—see?

(*Jabs JACK in ribs.*)

JACK. You mean, if they order wine they get cider.

(*Exit JOTHAM R., into house in rage.*)

NIOBE. (*looking into house*) Ha, ha, ha! Oh, gracious, there's Charley Rand,—he's a man and he dances. Charley! Charley!

(*Exits quickly through R. upper house balcony.*)

JACK. (*down to table R.*) I wonder if that landlord would be so attentive if he could have a look at

my pocket book. (*sits*) I'm in a hole—or I shall be very soon. I see it yawning straight before me—ugh!—it is a grave;—the grave of my honor. Poor Niobe, I can't keep it from her much longer. She's so proud,—so devilish proud of our name and our honor,—and of me. Me! Jack Farquhar, once gentleman, then gentleman gambler—now fast becoming gambler without the gentleman. A man who plays and can't afford to lose,—who must win. What does the world call such a man? A blackleg! Ugh! (*rises, crosses D. L.*) I'd give it up if there were any other way of gaining money. If I could see my way clear to a hundred thousand dollars at this moment— (*getting L.*)

(*Enter VIRGIE RAND D. R., from house R. U E. She wears full dress.*)

VIRGIE. (*from house R.*) Charley,—Charley? Papa wants you.

JACK. (*extreme L. Aside*) There's the hundred thousand dollars.

VIRGIE. (*sees him and comes down, crosses, stops*) Good evening again, Jack.

JACK. (*crosses L. C.*) Again good evening, Virgie. How you dazzle my eyes. You look like an incandescent light.

VIRGIE. An incandescent light? (*coming down crosses to R. C.*) That means if I'm put out things look dark. I'm so tired of that kind of talk. I've read it in lots of books. It's not new, and it's not true,—and, coming from you—

JACK. (*L.*) It makes you blue. Ha, ha, ha! Well, we'll stick to truth.

VIRGIE. (*R.*) Society truth,—not real truth. (*crosses L., sits on bench L. C.*)

JACK. (*C.*) Not real truth?

VIRGIE. Oh dear, no. It won't do at all. I've tried it. Before we left New York papa was lectur-

ing me on my extravagances of speech. Speak nothing but the absolute truth, Virginia, my dear, all your life. Hem! Br-r-r——! (*gruffly. Sits on bench.*) I tried it for two hours, to see how it would work.

JACK. (*gets nearer and takes her hand, sitting beside her*) Well, did it work?

VIRGIE. Not at all.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha!

VIRGIE. When Aunt Laura called, I told her that she had too much make-up on! Oof! Out she flew. Don't squeeze my hand, please.

JACK. I beg pardon,—(*rises*) it was unintentional.

VIRGIE. Oh, all right if it was intentional. (*turns to him*) Gives hand again) I thought you did it on purpose. Well, when I told the two Bruce girls that they were prolonging their call unnecessarily,—and remarked to Senator Westcott that he'd told the same story three times running,—the festivities closed.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! I should think so.

VIRGIE. Truth, crushed to earth won't rise again—not in this family. (*she rises*)

JACK. But you *have* risen.

VIRGIE. (*crosses c.*) Very nice indeed.

JACK. (*gazes at her dreamily*) Very nice. I'm to have a waltz, am I not? (*they come down*)

VIRGIE. Oh, perhaps,—well—yes, of course. But I must run and find papa, now. He's cross when I'm away.

JACK. It's enough to make anyone cross. (*crosses R. and stops*)

VIRGIE. Really, that remark's quite pretty.

JACK. So's the subject of it.

VIRGIE. (*going R.*) Yes, papa is good looking. Ha, ha, ha!

(Exits D. R., into house.)

JACK. I feel like a beast, talking to that little ingenious soul. Which is it to be,—villainy or virtue? Villainy! I have started on the race already. (*sits L. at laid table R. Music*) I wonder if a man could get a drink in this infernal place?

(*Rings bell. Enter HOSEA HOWE, from hotel, napkin over arm, dressed in country fashion, with an attempt at spruceness. He is reading a book; he goes slowly over to FARQUHAR and stands over him,—still reading.*)

Well, upon my word! and a latin book too, Horace! So, you're a waiter who studies?

HOSEA. No,—I'm a student who waits.

JACK. Oh, I remember. You are one of the students who earn their money to go through college by waiting at the summer hotels?

HOSEA. I am a member of that sprightly band.

JACK. Can I get a glass of brandy?

HOSEA. Not from me. I wouldn't bring liquor to no man.

JACK. But I need it for—for—medicine.

HOSEA. Get you some pain-killer,—mustard plaster,—or cholera mixture.

JACK. (*groans*) No, thank you. (*looks at him*) Well, you're an original. Do you like waiting on the guests?

HOSEA. Well, I don't lay awake nights hankering for it.

(*Stop music.*)

JACK. (R.) Do you live here?

HOSEA. Live here? No. It's bad enough to be a waiter here, without boarding here. I live in Peaceful Valley, just below. (*points down*) I climb up here every mornin', and fall down home every night. It's only a few steps,—a short fall.

JACK. I rather like you. (HOSEA *at rail* UP C.)
If you'll drop into my room after supper we might
crack a bottle together.

HOSEA. I don't drink. (*comes down.*)

JACK. Join me in a cigar.

HOSEA. I don't smoke.

JACK. Well, you're a d—d odd fish.

HOSEA. Thanks,—I don't swear.

JACK. (*turns to HOSEA and looks at his back*)
Where are they?

HOSEA. What?

JACK. Your wings.

HOSEA. Left 'em at the feather foundry, to get
cleaned.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you *are* good.

HOSEA. (C.) I don't know as I want any credit
I haven't earned. I don't drink 'cause I hate liquor—
I don't smoke 'cause it makes me sick,—and I don't
swear 'cause it seems so senseless. Swearing's the
only vice that gives no pleasure.

JACK. You're a philosopher.

HOSEA. I'm trying to be one.

JACK. You wait on some odd people, I daresay?

HOSEA. I wouldn't mind the people being odd if
their tempers were even. Man at breakfast this
morning ordered fish:—says I, "What kind?" Says
he, "What kind you got?" I says, "All kinds."
Then he took a mean advantage. He smiled a smile
of triumph and says, "Bring me a whale."

JACK. (R., *sitting by table*) Ha, ha, ha! Did you
bring it?

HOSEA. I informed him that the whale is not a
fish. He wanted to know what in—, Sam Hill, I
meant by that. I told him that the whale is a mam-
mal,—that is the general name of an order of ani-
mals inhabiting the ocean, arranged in zoology under
the name of ceta, or cetacea,—of the class mam-
alia—

JACK. (*rises*) Great Scott!

HOSEA. —in the Linnæan system. The Greenland whale is of the genus *Balana*. When fully grown it is from fifty to sixty-five or seventy feet in length, and from thirty to forty feet in its greatest circumference. The whale furnishes us with oil, whalebone, and——

(*FARQUHAR drops in chair, exhausted.*)

JACK. (*revives*) Did the man get any breakfast?
(*rises, crosses C.*)

HOSEA. He took codfish balls. (*crosses L., sits on bench*)

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! I'll see you later. (*crosses to house, looks off C.*) VIRGIE! All alone. (*up steps, bumps JOTHAM*) Excuse me.

(*Exits into house. Enter JOTHAM D. R.*)

JOTHAM. Don't mention it. (*speaks pleasantly, crosses down steps*) See here, you, why ain't you at work?

HOSEA. (*spiritedly*) Why ain't you?

JOTHAM. How dare you talk that way to the landlord? (*crosses R. C.*)

HOSEA. Don't you hurt my feelin's, or I wouldn't stay here a minute.

JOTHAM. Your feelin's? Your feelin's? Who are you, anyway?

HOSEA. Just as good as you are,—and a good deal better, for I don't hurt people's feelin's.

JOTHAM. What's that book you're readin'?

HOSEA. "How to be a Gentleman though a Landlord." (*rise*)

JOTHAM. Eh?

HOSEA. I'll lend it to you. (*crosses C.*)

JOTHAM. You're a little too sassy for this business.

HOSEA. Well I'm tired of your badgerin! I guess I'll quit. (*crosses, R.*)

JOTHAM. Quit?

HOSEA. How much do you owe me?

JOTHAM. (*R. Looks at note book*) Just a dollar and a half. Go down to the office and get your money. (*aside*) I'll pay him in pennies.

HOSEA. Dollar and a half? Keep it,—I'll board here until to-morrow morning.

JOTHAM. (*aghast*) Hey?

HOSEA. (*sits at table, R. 1 B. Rings bell*) Bring me a bill of fare.

JOTHAM. Good Lord?

(*Exits, D. R. into house.*)

HOSEA. I've had about enough of this. (*lays napkin on table*) I want money, I know,—but I'm givin' too much for it, here. A waiter ain't a man. I'm near enough through college to give up this place. If my feelin's could be seen they'd be black and blue. Mother'll feel bad, but she'd feel worse if she knew what I've had to put up with here. That Mr. Farquhar is the first man who's spoken a civil word to me since I came here, an' they say he ain't moral. He's a gambler. I wonder why good people are so afraid to speak pleasant?

(*Enter WILSON, with bill of fare from house.*)

WILSON. Take your order, sir? (*as HOSEA takes bill of fare, WILSON starts back to C.*) Say,—I ain't goin' to wait on you.

HOSEA. (*spiritedly*) You'll wait on me or I'll have the law on the house. I'm a guest here, and my board's paid?

WILSON. Well,—what next?

HOSEA. Piece of pumpkin pie and a glass of milk. And, here, boy, here's a quarter for you. (*hands him coin*)

WILSON. (*obsequiously*) Thank you, sir. (*crosses to steps, stands until VIRGIE crosses D. to HOSEA, then crosses UP steps. Exit WILSON*)

(*Enter VIRGIE, C. D. through balcony. Runs down to HOSEA,—puts hand on his shoulder.*)

VIRGIE. Oh, here you are, Jack! (*sees her mistake. Exit WILSON, laughs. Crosses C.*) I beg your pardon.

HOSEA. (*rises*) You needn't,—I like it. It's like a butterfly settling on a ton of coal.

VIRGIE. (C.) I thought you were Mr. Farquhar. Why,—it's the gentleman whom we met at breakfast, who,—who—

HOSEA. (R.) Wouldn't serve the whale. Yes,—I was a waiter,—so, if you're afraid of catching anything you'd better go away.

VIRGIE. Ha, ha, ha,—I don't care what you are,—I'm sure you're a gentleman.

HOSEA. (*gulps*) Thank you.

VIRGIE. I don't judge people by their clothes or their money.

HOSEA. (R., *crosses R. C.*) You must be lonesome around here?

(*Orchestra UP.*)

VIRGIE. (L.) I felt awfully sorry for you this morning. But you mustn't mind papa. If you wait on us again—

HOSEA. I've done with that. I only did it to get money for an education. But they hurt my feelin's—they rose right up an'—(*turns aside with emotion, crosses R.*)

VIRGIE. (*aside*) Poor fellow? (*sits on bench L.*)

HOSEA. Everybody said it'd be kinder nice for me to be here,—that I'd be like one of the guests and join in everything an' have real fun. I'm naturally sociable, you know.

VIRGIE. Of course. And weren't things as you expected?

HOSEA. Every time I'd pick up a croquet mallet the rest of the folks'd drop 'em if they were hot. If I sat down on the front stoop, everybody took to the woods.

VIRGIE. What a shame!

HOSEA. Even at church they gave me a pew to myself, while the New York folks stood up. Began to think I must have some sort of disease,—but it was only 'cause I was a waiter. Mother was bent on my goin' through college. Well, I'm as good as through. When I graduate, she's set on my goin' to New York. (*pause*) Mother didn't want me to come here. What do you—what d'ye suppose?

VIRGIE. I don't know.

HOSEA. She was afraid the girls would run after me.

VIRGIE. Dear me!

HOSEA. They didn't, though. No fear,—I ain't their style.

VIRGIE. I don't see why not. I'm sure you're good. You seem moral, and conscientious and—

HOSEA. Morals don't count against a moustache.

VIRGIE. (L.) Nonsense.

HOSEA. (R.) An' a clear conscience isn't in it with a curly head o' hair! That's what mother says.

VIRGIE. What did you do before you came here?

HOSEA. You mean what didn't I do? You see, mother and I own one of those perpendicular farms.

VIRGIE. Perpendicular farms?

HOSEA. Yes,—on the side of the mountain. 'Stead o' runnin' this way,—(*moves hand from R. to L.*) our farm runs that way—(*moves hand up and down*)

VIRGIE. Good gracious!

HOSEA. Have to tie yourself to a rock before you can dig a potato.

VIRGIE. How dreadful!

HOSEA. Garden truck all grows straight out, like whiskers.

VIRGIE. Dear me!

HOSEA. Have to plough on your hands and knees.

VIRGIE. Oh,—I don't believe that.

HOSEA. Fruit falls off the trees up there and it drops a half a mile straight down into the valley.

VIRGIE. Why, I should think you'd all fall off.

HOSEA. We have, pretty near. The crops have fell off every year, and the roof's kind of fell off. Mortgage stays on.

VIRGIE. Oh, you're making fun of me.

HOSEA. (*crosses L.*) One of my legs is longer than the other from trampin' 'round that farm. (*walks a step or two with stiff leg, and goes up c. she follows*)

VIRGIE. Ha, ha, ha! What do you do in the winter?

HOSEA. (*sits on stump*) Have to let things slide. Mighty dangerous when the pumpkins gits ripe.

HOSEA. VIRGIE.

VIRGIE. Why?

HOSEA. Roll down in the valley and brain people.

VIRGIE. Ha, ha, ha! A vegetable cannonade. (*they sit on stone wall*)

HOSEA. Just look down a minute,—there it is.

VIRGIE. Oh, what a distance it is, though. It makes me dizzy. (*he holds her arm*) Yes, please hold me or I shall certainly jump.

HOSEA. 'Twouldn't hurt you any if you did,—you'd strike the hay in our yard. (*holds her arm*) I've got you. (*points down*) D'ye see that little corner that looks like a pigeon coop?

VIRGIE. Yes. Oh, what a long way down.

HOSEA. Well, that's my room.

VIRGIE. Why you could throw a stone and hit it.

HOSEA. You might hit mother.

VIRGIE. So you might. What a lot of hay.

HOSEA. Yes. I stacked every bit of that. Plenty of hay. When the butcher's bill comes in I wish I was a horse.

(She ties a knot in her handkerchief and drops it down.)

VIRGIE. Let's see where this drops.

HOSEA. I'll drop down and show you.

VIRGIE. Oh, don't!

(He loses his balance and falls over the rail with his legs in the air. She screams and drags him back after a good deal of leg gesticulation.)

Oh, what a fright I had.

HOSEA. (R. Crosses D. R.) Phew! Mother's always glad to see me, but it might have startled her to see me come through the roof with the chimney under my arm. But I wouldn't. I'd a struck the hay. 'Twouldn't a hurt none. 'Taint over fifteen feet. I've hung by my hands and dropped into our front garden from here many a time. But 'tain't real graceful. I tell you that's a purty hard farm,—might as well try to cultivate the side of a house. It gets to be too hard work.

VIRGIE. And you had no one to help you? No brother, or sister? *(she sits on bench.)*

HOSEA. I had one sister. Just about your age. *(looks at her)* Just about. (VIRGIE L. on seat. HOSEA R. on seat)

VIRGIE. *(sympathetically)* You had? I hope she isn't dead.

HOSEA. *(solemnly)* You'd better hope she is.

VIRGIE. *(distressed)* Oh, I beg your pardon if I have opened an old wound.

HOSEA. *(gulps)* It don't matter. Everyone in the valley knows her story.

VIRGIE. Poor, poor girl!

HOSEA. (*presses her hand. Sits bench*) And you're the first woman that ever pitied her. God bless you for that.

VIRGIE. Don't say any more. It's too distressing for you.

HOSEA. Oh, it's common talk. You can't keep secrets in the country. She's in New York. I've been sending her money right along so she could lead an honest life,—but lately—(*in despair*) I ain't had any money to send.

(*Music ready.*)

VIRGIE. (*impulsively*) Oh, won't you let me? (*pulls out her pocket book*)

HOSEA. Oh, my! No.

VIRGIE. Indeed,—indeed. I have more money than I know what to do with.

HOSEA. I thank you heartily,—but even if I took it I wouldn't know where to send it. She ain't at the old address. Soon as I can I'm goin' to New York to find her.

VIRGIE. And your mother—?

HOSEA. Mother don't know what I know. It'd kill her if she did. She thinks she's at work in a store. But I mustn't talk of such things to a young girl like you.

VIRGIE. Oh, if I could be of any help—

HOSEA. You've been a lot of help to me, and I thank you for it. So would mother.

VIRGIE. I am sure I should like your mother.

HOSEA. You couldn't help it.

VIRGIE. I have no mother,—and it's awfully hard on a young girl. I want advice so often. (*sadly*) (*dance music off stage. UP R. Lightly. Rises.*)

Crosses to platform) Oh, there's the music. I'm engaged for every dance. (*starts L. crosses up R.*)

(*Music waltz.*)

HOSEA. Mother's advice'd be good. If you'd like to see her. I'll take you down there. It's only a little way.

VIRGIE. (*crosses R. Nervously*) Oh, no, no.

HOSEA. (*C. music*) Or she'd come to you. People send for her far an' wide when they're in trouble,—an' she goes. Don't matter what time o' night it is, or how cold it is,—or how wet it is,—she goes.

VIRGIE. (*R.*) Oh, no. Never mind. I—I—didn't realize what I was saying.

(*Enter FARQUHAR, D. from house.*)

JACK. (*top of steps.*) Virgie, hurry, and we'll capture some of that waltz. (*to HOSEA*) See you later. (*crosses R. to house. Exits with VIRGIE, R. VIRGIE smiling at HOSEA as she goes*)

HOSEA. (*rises, crosses C. Looks after her*) Her father's rich. Rich? Why, if he didn't have a cent he'd be a millionaire, with a girl like that. She makes you think—of flowers, and green fields—(*enter WILSON, D. R. with tray, milk and pie,—unseen by HOSEA*)—and fairies and pretty things and angels, and——

WILSON. (*sets tray on table*) Milk and pie.

HOSEA. (*disgusted*) Take it away!

WILSON. There ain't nothin' the matter with it.

HOSEA. Take it away. Eat it yourself.

WILSON. Good enough.

(*Exits R. with tray, after taking enormous bite of the pie, leaving a crescent of crust.*)

HOSEA. I'm filled up with my feelin's. Food would choke me. Wish I had a dress suit. Had one once, but it was unreliable at important points. It's

on our scarecrow now;—fits him better than it did me. (*goes up steps and looks inside door.*) There she goes,—whirling 'round in his arms. It makes the cold shivers run up and down my back. He's no fit company for her. But who's to tell her that? I can't. (*crosses L., sits*)

(*Enter LEONARD RAND, followed by WARD ANDREWS, (L. 1 E. RAND is in evening dress.)*)

RAND. (DOWN R.) I was getting very nervous. I'm deuced glad you've come back. Did you see the landlord trying to read my memorandum book over my shoulder? We'll go to my room. But first tell me——

ANDREWS. (C. *Points over shoulder to HOSEA*) S-h—! (C., *above HOSEA*)

RAND. (R., *looks at HOSEA*) Oh, it's only a waiter. (*to HOSEA*) Say, boy, we shan't require you.

HOSEA. (L.) Didn't know I was for sale. (*crosses C. step, ANDREWS crosses L.*)

RAND. (R.) Why aren't you in the dining room?

HOSEA

RAND

ANDREW

HOSEA. Ain't hungry.

RAND. (R.) Perhaps I'm wrong. I mistook you for a waiter.

HOSEA. (C.) You mistook a whale for a fish, too.

RAND. (R.) You *are* the waiter.

HOSEA. I *was* the waiter. I'm now a guest of this hotel, and my board is paid.

RAND. (R.) Good heavens!

ANDREWS. (UP C.) Come along, Rand, don't waste your time on that greenhorn.

HOSEA. (*rises and comes to C.*) Greenhorn? You're an Englishman, Mr. Rand. You don't realize

that in this country the waiter to-day may be the president next year.

RAND. Nonsense. No waiter was ever president.

HOSEA. But plenty of presidents have had to wait.
(*crosses to C.*)

RAND. (*crosses L. to ANDREWS*) Come,—come, Andrews, let's go to my room.

(ANDREWS *comes down C. and HOSEA turns and confronts RAND.*)

HOSEA. (*crosses R. C. Stops before ANDREWS*)
Is your name Andrews?

ANDREWS. It is.

HOSEA. (*excitedly*) Ward Andrews?

RAND

HOSEA

ANDREWS

ANDREWS. (*defiantly*) No. My name is Herbert Andrews.

HOSEA. D'ye know anybody named Ward Andrews?

ANDREWS. Never heard the name before.
(*crosses R.*)

RAND. (*R., aside*) Well, upon my word.

HOSEA. I beg your pardon, then. You're not the man I'm looking for. (*going C.*)

ANDREWS. (*sneeringly*) Does he owe you anything?

HOSEA. No. He owes my *sister* something. (UP R. *Exit into house.*)

RAND. (*R.*) See here, Andrews, you must explain. You denied your name just now. Why? (*crosses. Sits at bench L. C.*)

ANDREWS. (*L. Sits on stump. Looks around*) Well, Governor, I don't mind telling you,—we've been in a good many leaky boats together. I passed

a week here two years ago, and I got into a little scrape.

RAND. Scrape?

ANDREWS. (*seated on stump*) Oh, the old story you know. A woman scrape. A girl named Howe became fascinated with me—wanted to go to New York with me,—and,—I took her.

RAND. (*seated bench L. C.*) And you dare to tell me this?

ANDREWS. You know how things are, Mr. Rand. The girl simply threw herself at me.

RAND. (R.) And there was no deception on your part?

ANDREWS. (L. *Rise*) Absolutely none,—I pledge my word. Only ordinary civility, that was all. Because the girl happened to disappear when I did I was accused of luring her away.

RAND. (*rises and goes to steps R. crosses R. to steps*) Oh, well. I know young men are thoughtless, at times. Girls should be more careful, too. What became of the girl at last?

ANDREWS. (*on steps*) I don't know. We had some words, and she disappeared. This fellow is her brother of course. He was away when I was here. But Lord! what's a man to do? The trouble with the women is that they're too willing to believe a man. (*stop music. They exit, D. R.*)

(*Enter CHARLEY RAND R. 2nd from house. Drops in settee, L., exhausted.*)

CHARLEY. Phew! Well,—hot is no name for it. (*fans himself with handkerchief*) My collar's a ruin. I must rush up to my room and put on another and get back in time for that next waltz with Miss Farquhar. If dancing is the poetry of motion she's the Lady Tennyson of it. (*jumps up and is going D. R.—Enter NIOBE, from house.*)

NIOBE. (L., *laughingly*) Deserter!

CHARLEY. (*at table R.*) Not at all, Miss Farquhar, I was coming back at once. The fact is,—my collar was in a wilting condition, and—

NIOBE. (*on steps upper*) A subterfuge. Tell the truth. My dancing didn't please you. (*coming down c.*)

CHARLEY. (*enthusiastically*) Didn't please? Oh, Miss Niobe you should be crowned Queen of Terpsichore. You float in the air—you dance upon nothing.—

NIOBE. (L.) That sounds awfully like hanging.

(MOONLIGHT.)

CHARLEY. (R.) So it does. Well I have been— (*change lights to blue*) hanging.

NIOBE. Hanging?

CHARLEY. Upon your smile.

NIOBE. That must have been what caused my toothache.

CHARLEY. (*crosses up R. to steps*) You don't give me a chance. (*walks up and down*)

NIOBE. (C.) But I gave you a dance. Confess,—you were going to escape to the card table?

CHARLEY. (*crosses to R.*) Card table? (*stops*) No, thank you, I had all I wanted of cards last night. I lost \$1200.00 at poker.

NIOBE. How dreadful! \$1200.00 at one game?

CHARLEY. Yes,—but this is in confidence, you know. I don't want the Governor to hear it until my note for the amount is sprung on him. He'll cut up rough, I'm afraid. (*coming DOWN stage*)

NIOBE. I'm sure he will. May I ask, with whom you played.

CHARLEY. Yes. There is no need of a secret about that, I suppose. It was Jack Farquhar and a Mr. Andrews. Jack won the money.

NIOBE. (*crosses L., recoils*) My brother. Won all that money? He never told me. (*goes UP R.*)

CHARLEY. Well, he hasn't cashed the note yet.

NIOBE. \$1200.00. (*crosses and sits on settee L. C.*)

CHARLEY. (*crosses L. C.*) Oh, it's all right enough, —but I had such confounded luck. Do you play poker? (*sits beside her*)

NIOBE. I know the game. I play very little as I have a horror of gambling.

CHARLEY. Well what would you think of a straight flush in a three handed game.

NIOBE. I should call it a wonderful hand. (*music ready*)

CHARLEY. I thought so. I stood pat. Your brother drew one card. I ran the stakes up in the liveliest way. Andrews dropped out but your brother stayed and raised me right along. After the third raise I told him I was sure I had the winning hand.

NIOBE. That was honorable of you.

CHARLEY. What any gentleman would have done among friends.

NIOBE. Well?

CHARLEY. Well, I called him at last for I didn't want him to lose any more. I had a straight flush—he had three aces.

(*Music waltz.*)

NIOBE. Then of course you won?

CHARLEY. Of course I didn't.

NIOBE. I never heard of such a thing. Why not?

CHARLEY. Simply that my five cards were really six—stuck together without my noticing it.

NIOBE. Stuck together?

CHARLEY. Accidentally, of course. But I'd picked up my hand,—so it was worthless.

NIOBE. May I ask who dealt the hand?

CHARLEY. Mr. Andrews, but——

NIOBE. (*indignantlly*) And Jack took the money under such circumstances?

CHARLEY. It's one of the rules of the game.

NIOBE. Among gamblers, perhaps,—but not among gentleman. (*Rises. Goes R. quickly*)

CHARLEY. (*following her*) Where are you going?

NIOBE. To find Jack. I won't allow my brother—

CHARLEY. But, I beg of you. Think of me. What will I appear like? Why, a fellow who whines because he loses—No, no—Miss Niobe,—

(*Puts arm about her waist. She puts his hand away and exits R. quickly.*)

By Jove! what a lovely little whirlwind she is. Oh, the women,—the women—all impulse, and very little reason. The whole thing was fair enough, I suppose,—and yet it's rather odd that a man should raise so enormously on three aces when his opponent had a pat hand. Still, I must stop her. (*exits R.*)
UPPER. (*Exits, R. quickly*)

(*Enter HOSEA, from behind house, with hat on, and carrying newspaper bundle.*)

HOSEA. Been collectin' my things. Wouldn't trust landlord Ford, he'd throw 'em out in a minute. How pretty the valley looks in the moonlight. (*c. Back*)

JOTHAM. (*without, R.*) You kin git out jest as soon as you wanten. (*enters R.*)

HOSEA. (*comes DOWN steps c. Defiantly.*) Well, I'm goin'. You needn't think it's any deprivation to leave here. Drop in on mother an' she'll give you somethin' fit to eat.

(*Enter ANDREWS, D. R. Evening dress.*)

JOTHAM. (*scornfully*) Always thinkin' of your stomach.

HOSEA. (*sadly*) No! Sometimes I think of yours and thank the Lord mine ain't like it!

(*Exits L. 1 E. JOTHAM exits into house.*)

ANDREWS. So, Leonard Rand, merchant prince, and solid man, is drifting on to bankruptcy. Well, he's sure to strike the rocks and go to pieces. He's rushed off to try his friends. No use. It's astonishing how much money a man can get when he don't want it, and how little when he does. And his last resort will be his daughter, eh? Her fortune is to be made ducks and drakes of—it's a shame. If I could get her money! Only one way,—marriage—and Virgie laughs at me. But if I could compromise the girl now while her father is away. She'd marry me to save her reputation. It's a bold game,—but bold games are what I win on. (*looks R. into house upper entrance*) There she is,—just finishing her waltz with Farquhar. That man is flying too high, I must call him down a little. Ah, he's caught my eye. (*beckons, R. on platform*) He's slow in leaving her. It's like pulling a needle away from a magnet. Pshaw! she's coming this way too,—I'll disappear for a moment. (*exits back L. 3rd.*)

(*Enter JACK and VIRGIE, R. waltzing on. They stop as the music does.*)

(*Stop music.*)

VIRGIE. Oh, that was lovely. Jack, you waltz splendidly. (*waltz around*)

JACK. So do you.

VIRGIE. But why do you keep squeezing my waist all the time?

JACK. I couldn't waltz without holding your waist.

VIRGIE. I said squeezing it.—(*stop waltz sits on sette L.*) Are you falling in love with me?

JACK. I certainly am.

VIRGIE. Then fall right out again. You've not

waded in more than half way and you can wade ashore very easily.

JACK. But—Virgie—

VIRGIE. Jack,—you're the—let me see—(*rises. Takes out note book and looks it over*) Yes,—you're the 43rd man I've had to say this to since Christmas.

JACK. And you don't care for me?

VIRGIE. As a friend,—very much. But a girl don't want every man to be her admirer. At least I don't. I want a few good men friends.

JACK. This is terrible.

VIRGIE. Oh, no it isn't,—you only think so. You take a Turkish bath and a pint of champagne, light a good cigar and walk five miles and you'll be all right. (*crosses R. upper*)

JACK. Well you rate my affections rather low.

VIRGIE. I'm awfully wise for my years. All men are very much alike; what they call love is generally gratified vanity.

JACK. Well, you astonish me.

VIRGIE. You didn't think money and brains could go together, eh? Jack, you can be a—

JACK. (*vehemently*) No. I won't be a brother to you.

VIRGIE. You can be a good friend. Now stop talking nonsense and I'll be back for La Gitana. (*she waltzes and exits R.*)

JACK. (*drops in chair, R.*) Well, that settles me.

(*Enter ANDREWS L. 3rd.*)

ANDREWS. (C.) See here, Farquhar, why are you fighting so shy of me?

JACK. (R.) Metal more attractive. Besides, I thought I might trouble you.

ANDREWS. (C.) I'll trouble *you* for one half of those winnings.

JACK. (R.) I've not presented the note for payment.

ANDREWS. When will you?

JACK. Never.

ANDREWS. What?

JACK. I just tore it up in the presence of my sister and Charley Rand.

ANDREWS. You lie.

JACK. (UP. *Seizes him by throat*) What's that?

ANDREWS. (*throws him off*) So, you turn traitor, eh?

JACK. No,—I turn honest. That money was gained by fraud and deceit.

ANDREWS. (L.) And who planned it?

JACK. (*crosses L.*) I did. I don't deny it,—but I'm ashamed of it now and I mean to try and be a better man.

ANDREWS. (*sneeringly*) You,—repent,—you? Ha, ha, ha!

JACK. There is more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repenteth—

ANDREWS. Bah! I see it all. (*points R.*) There's the cause of your sudden repentance,—Virgie Rand. You're in love with her.

JACK. Well, what of it?

ANDREWS. Simply that it won't do,—that's all. You keep away from her or I'll notify her father as to just what you've been doing here for the past week, and he'll take her away. (*crosses R. to steps*)

JACK. You wouldn't do that?

ANDREWS. Wouldn't I? Don't test me.

JACK. You want the girl yourself.

ANDREWS. She wouldn't look at me.

JACK. Well, I believe you there for she's told me as much

ANDREWS. (*Crosses R.*) Oh, how chummy you two have got to be, sure. Of course you don't know that she has a cool \$100,000 in her own right.

JACK. (L.) Yes I do.

ANDREWS. (*in mock astonishment*) You astonish me.

JACK. It was her money that first attracted me. But now if I could win her I wouldn't take one penny. I mean it.

ANDREWS. (*eagerly*) Are you serious about that?

JACK. Positively so.

ANDREWS. D'ye think she'd marry you if she knew you'd been a cheater at cards,—a blackleg,—a scoundrel—

JACK. (*L. Seizes him*) Andrews! (*holds him*)

ANDREWS. (*R. Pushes him away*) Well, you were that, weren't you? (*throws him off*)

JACK. (*drops in chair L.*) God knows I was.

ANDREWS. D'ye think she'd marry you if she knew that?

JACK. (*gloomily*) No.

ANDREWS. (*C.*) Very well. You say you don't want her money,—now I'll give you a splendid character to her father, and to her—influence the old man's consent—I don't think she'd marry without it,—and engineer the whole thing successfully for—

JACK. (*rises*) For what?

ANDREWS. For fifty thousand dollars of her money a month after you're married.

JACK. (*L., scornfully*) No! And I will give you this bit of my confidence. Virgie Rand will never marry me. (*exit D. L.*)

ANDREWS. Well, he's out of the race in earnest. I must work quickly here,—to get Virgie away. Drive her across the valley to some second rate road house and keep her prisoner till morning. That'll ruin her reputation and tame her spirits. (*crosses to table and rings bell*) If her father cuts up about it I know enough about him to keep him in the traces. (*to WILSON, who enters R.*) Have a light buggy hitched at the back of the hotel at once. Then find Miss

Rand and tell her to put on her cape and hat and come here immediately,—her father wants her.
(*crosses L.*)

WILSON. Yes sir. (*exits R. house*)

ANDREWS. (*looks at watch*) I feel a little nervous. (*sits in chair L.*)

(*Enter JOTHAM D. R.*)

Did Mr. Rand say when he would return?

JOTHAM. Mebbe not 'til mornin'. Awfully important business, I reckon. (*at table*)

ANDREWS. I presume so.

JOTHAM. (R.) He wouldn't give no hint of what it was.

ANDREWS. (L.) That's his way.

JOTHAM. (R. *at table*) It's a kind of mean way. I'm philanthropic, I am, and take an interest in people's affairs.

ANDREWS. (L. C.) What you call philanthropy is simply d—d inquisitiveness.

JOTHAM. (*indignantly*) Sir!

ANDREWS. Always poking your nose into other people's business.

JOTHAM. See here,—who you talkin' to? I guess you're fergettin' last summer.

ANDREWS. Yes, and *you'd* better forget it.

JOTHAM. You owe me five hundred dollars.

ANDREWS. What! (*crosses L.*) You are dreaming. Get out and keep silent, you fool. (*goes up C. step*)

JOTHAM. Well, I vum! (*aside*) I callate I'll give him a bill that'll make him sick. (*exit D. R., in rage.* ANDREWS *crosses D. L. C. to bench*)

(*Enter VIRGIE D. L., with cape and hat.*)

VIRGIE. (*on steps*) Ah, Mr. Andrews,—where is papa?

ANDREWS. (*c., back*) He couldn't wait. You're to drive and overtake him.

VIRGIE. Drive? Where to? (*comes down steps and goes c.*)

ANDREWS. Across the valley to Fernald's new house. They've just arrived.

VIRGIE. (*delighted*) What? Have they taken a house here? Has Jennie Fernald come? Oh, I'm just crazy to see her,—but why couldn't papa wait?

ANDREWS. Some important business with Mr. Fernald, I believe.

VIRGIE. (*goes up steps c. and going l. close to rail*) Come along. I'm wild to get there. (*as they are about to exit on balcony, enter HOSEA at L. 1 E.*)

HOSEA. Good evening, again.

VIRGIE. Good evening, Mr. Howe,—excuse me, won't you?

HOSEA. (*to ANDREWS*) Can I speak to you one minute? (*crosses r. in front of them*)

ANDREWS. No. I've no time. Come, Miss Rand.

HOSEA. Only a minute. When you come back won't you drop in on mother?

ANDREWS. Why should I drop in on mother?

HOSEA. (*between them*) 'Cause she's kinder set on it. Anyone named Andrews she always wants to talk to. Better drop in and see her.

ANDREWS. But I'm not the man she wants.

HOSEA. I know that.

ANDREWS. If you met him what would you do with him.

HOSEA. I can't answer.

ANDREWS. You'll kill him?

HOSEA. No. Mother made me promise not to. (*crosses l.*)

ANDREWS. Oh, indeed?

HOSEA. If she talks to *you* she might get a clew, you know, to that *other* man, *Ward* Andrews.

VIRGIE. *Ward Andrews?* (*points to ANDREWS on steps*) *Why, he is Ward Andrews.*

(WARNING FOR CURTAIN.)

ANDREWS. (*aside*) *Keep quiet!*

HOSEA. (*staggers a little, puts hand to head and walks slowly to ANDREWS. Music, tremolo*) *Is that your name?* (*on steps*)

ANDREWS. (*on steps*) *No.*

VIRGIE. *Why, how can you say such a thing! You know it is.*

ANDREWS. (*defiantly to HOSEA. Well, what if it is? (HOSEA lifts his hand as if to strike, then, by a great effort lowers it again)*)

VIRGIE. *Oh, what does it mean?*

HOSEA. (*in dazed manner*) *It means, Miss Rand, that you had better trust yourself in a den of rattlesnakes than alone with that man.*

ANDREWS. (*threateningly*) *Why, you scoundrel, —how dare you!*

HOSEA. *That's the man who wronged my sister!*

VIRGIE. (*shrinks back*) *What?*

ANDREWS. (*wild with rage*) *You call yourself a Christian, don't you?*

HOSEA. (*holding his hand behind him with great effort*) *I'm trying to be one, but it's terrible hard.*

ANDREWS. *Indeed. You will meddle in my plans, will you?—(slaps his cheek) What do you Christians do in a case like that? (HOSEA clutches his hands behind him tighter. ANDREWS slaps his other cheek. Sneeringly) Now, what?*

(*HOSEA, unable to control himself, strikes him a blow that makes him stagger up c. He falls against the balcony rail,—it breaks and ANDREWS falls out of sight. VIRGIE screams. HOSEA takes her DOWN c. Enter JACK &*

JOTHAM, CHARLEY and NIOBE R., on steps R. and L.)

NIOBE. I heard a srceam. What's the matter?

HOSEA

ANDREW

VIRGIE

VIRGIE. (*aside to HOSEA*) Don't tell your grief to them. (*goes to JACK*)

JOTHAM. Where's Mr. Andrews?

HOSEA. (*with affected gaiety*) He's just dropped in on mother.

(PICTURE.)

QUICK CURTAIN

—

ACT II

SCENE:—HOSEA'S cottage and the "perpendicular farm." Neat New England cottage, interior of to-day. Scene in 3. Boxed. Open doors R. C. and R. and L. in flat. Bolt inside of door L. in flat. Large center window, opening,—plain furniture,—rocking chairs,—bureau L.—cupboard R.—bookcase of books L.—old tall clock at back—small mirror over mantel R.—tidies on all the chairs. All backed by the "perpendicular farm" set up almost straight at back of openings,—built to walk on. Potatoes, "garden truck," etc., on it.

MUSIC—"Home, Sweet Home."

At rise of curtain, PHYLLIS HOWE discovered seated in rocking chair L. C., knitting and rocking vigorously. She faces R.

NIOBE *discovered in rocking chair R C., rocking vigorously. She faces L.*

PHYLLIS. (L.) I don't see what keeps Hosey. He went over to the Holdens to take some of our milk to their new baby,—the poor thing can't nurse, you know. I was there 'til about midnight, and I declare I'm about beat out.

NIOBE. (R.) People send for you a great deal, I hear?

PHYLLIS. Well, they do, and sometimes I set my foot down and vow I won't go. But, Lord! I can't refuse. You see, I know everyone around here,—and have for thirty years.

NIOBE. How different from New York. There, people live ten years next door to each other and often don't know each other's names.

PHYLLIS. They must be heathens. What do they do when the baby comes,—when sickness comes,—when death comes?

NIOBE. Oh, there's the doctor, and the relations, and the undertakers—

PHYLLIS. Good Lord! And how do they know about each other's affairs, and assist, and sympathize?

NIOBE. They don't.

PHYLLIS. I'm glad I live in the country.

NIOBE. (*rises*) Well, I think I'll be going. I ran in for a minute and I've been here an hour.

PHYLLIS. It's good for sore eyes to see you.

NIOBE. Give my regards to your son. (*crosses to door L. in flat*)

PHYLLIS. Well, I vum! If Hosey hadn't a strong character he'd be spoiled by all you city folks. This house has been like a hotel for the last week. It kinder makes me proud of my son.

NIOBE. And no wonder,—he's a splendid fellow.

PHYLLIS NIOBE

PHYLLIS. He's awfully proud. You see, we're law poor.

NIOBE. Law poor?

PHYLLIS. Yes,—a lawsuit keeps us poor. It's for pretty near half of Peaceful Valley. We've been pressin' it for nigh onto five years.

NIOBE. I hope you'll win it.

PHYLLIS. Not very likely, I'm afraid. (*crosses L. at table*) But Hosey *will* keep it up for he knows we're right—an' so do I. But, Miss Farquhar,—you won't mind my plain speakin', will you?

NIOBE. Why no.

PHYLLIS. You,—you, don't come philanderin',—do you?

NIOBE. Philandering,—philandering,—why, what is that?

PHYLLIS. Of course I might have known you wouldn't have guessed it. (*sits on chair R., at table L.*) Philanderin' is an old-fashioned country word, and means courtin'.

NIOBE. Courting,—I?

PHYLLIS. You,—you, haven't any designs on—Hosea, have you?

NIOBE. Designs on your son? Why, no.

PHYLLIS. I know I'm a fool on that subject. All mothers are;—but I couldn't lose Hosey, indeed,—indeed I couldn't.

NIOBE. (*pats her hand sympathetically*) Hosea and I are friends,—that's all. (*kneeling to PHYLLIS*)

PHYLLIS. All? That's everything. Friendship is stronger than love;—stronger than what most men call love. What's the news at the hotel?

NIOBE. Oh, a lot of new arrivals. Mr. Rand and his family go away, and Mr. Andrews—

PHYLLIS. Stop! Don't mention his name to me, —I can't bear it. (*rises and crosses R.*)

NIOBE. Yet, they say you bound up his sprained ankle after the accident.

PHYLLIS. The Lord put the work into my hand and I had to 'do it. I'd have done as much for a sick hyena,—and about as cheerfully. I did it in the hope that he'd be sorry for an awful wrong he had done to me and mine—(*walks back and forth, agitated*) an awful wrong.

NIOBE. And was he?

PHYLLIS. (*excitedly, crosses C.*) Was he? (*crosses to her*) Can the Ethiopian change his skin,—or the leopard his spots? No. He laughed at me—laughed at me and left me with a sneer on his lips. (*turns to table, crosses L.*)

NIOBE. Come,—come, don't think of it, since it makes you so unhappy.

PHYLLIS. (*sits in chair L.*) You know that story, I suppose?

NIOBE. (*R., at back of table. Softly*) Yes.

PHYLLIS. Ah,—everybody does. The disgrace near killed Hosea,—but we've made our plan;—we've had to. We never speak of it to each other.

NIOBE. I understand. (*to C.*)

PHYLLIS. (*handkerchief. Rises. Bus. at table*) And we never let each other see how it's eatin' into our hearts. She's in New York, now, and she's married,—but that don't wipe out the shame that all the neighbors knew. But that's enough of that. You'll stop to lunch?

NIOBE. Oh, no. My brother has the blues. I must dine with him. Won't you show me your kitchen garden,—I'm so weary of cut flowers. (*they go L.*)

PHYLLIS. (*dries her eyes, crosses UP C. to L.*) 'Tain't much to look at,—all old-fashioned flowers. Hollyhocks,—sweet peas,—oleanders,—marigolds, and such—

(*COW BELL. Rushes to corner R. and seizes broom and rushes back to D. L.*)

The cow's in the garden! Shoo! Bah! (*waves broom and rushes out D. L., followed by NIOBE, laughing*)

(*HOSEA's legs appear in sight at window R., walking along ridge about four feet above stage on farm. He is apparently fixing garden truck that is planted out of sight, and he only shows his legs, standing on tip-toes,—straddles them, etc., according to the work he is apparently doing above.*)

(*A good opportunity for grotesque positions, etc. He has a hoe, which he uses.*)

(*Enter JOTHAM D. R.*)

JOTHAM. (*takes off hat and wipes head with handkerchief. He is very bald*) Whew! it's a hot walk from the hotel down here. Walk? When ye git started ye can't stop. Have to run down on your heels all the way. (*rubs his feet, crosses D. R.*) I wonder where Hosea is? He's got to pay the expense of a new verandy rail,—an' ef he don't I'll take the law on him. 'Cause a man knows Latin, 'tain't no reason that I'm goin' to take any sarse from him. (*looks out of window c.*) That's him. I'd know them legs anywhere. (*calls*) Say,—you?

HOSEA. (*at back*) Hello?

JOTHAM. I want to see you. (*R. at door*)

HOSEA. Well, come and look at me,—there ain't any charge.

JOTHAM. I've got some business with you.

HOSEA. Wait 'til I prop up this squash. It'll be down in the well.

JOTHAM. (*R., comes down*) He's made a fine

fuss in my hotel,—knockin' my best boarders around as if they was feather pillars. (*crosses L. C.*)

(*Enter HOSEA D. R.*)

Say, I've got a bill against you.

HOSEA

JOTHAM

HOSEA. (C.) Yes,—Squire.

JOTHAM. You've got to pay for a new verandy rail.

HOSEA. Who told you that? (*crosses C.*)

JOTHAM. If you think you can throw people 'round like ninepins and smash my property, you're mistaken. (*crosses to L.*)

HOSEA. (R.) There are some people that a respectable hotel shouldn't take in. (*crosses to cupboard R.—Gets shaving cup*)

JOTHAM. (L.) *I'm* runnin' my hotel,—not *you*. You mind your own business and I cal'late it'll be as much as you can carry. Now, as to that there rail,—

HOSEA. I'll come up and do it myself, this afternoon. Did I hear that the Rands were going away to-day?

JOTHAM. Yes,—thanks to the row you kicked up. They're goin' to New York at half past one.

HOSEA. (R.) I'll be up at two.

JOTHAM. (L.) See that ye do,—and get it done before six for I can't afford to give you any supper,—I'm pretty near bankrupt as it is. I tell you, Mr. Andrews has got it in for you. I think he's goin' to take the law on ye for assault, and fer damages, and all that.

HOSEA. (*getting towel and putting on neck*) Ain't he had damages enough?

JOTHAM. And I don't know but what I'll be a witness for him. (*takes off hat*)

HOSEA. (R.) Do, if ye want to.

JOTHAM. (L.) You got a proud stomach, you have.

HOSEA. Don't know what it's got to be proud of. Not this vest, anyway.

JOTHAM. (*rubs bald head*) The trouble with you is,—

HOSEA. The trouble with me is, that I mind my own business. It's dreadful soothin',—why not try it?

JOTHAM. (L., *indignantly*) I don't like a hair on your head.

HOSEA. (*gazing at his bald head*) I couldn't like any on yours.

JOTHAM. D'ye mean to insult me?

HOSEA. No,—just makin' a bald statement.

JOTHAM. (*puts hat on*) Do you realize you've insulted the law? I am jestic of the peace, an' you know it. I'm the law, I am.

HOSEA. I always heard the law was full of tricks.

JOTHAM. Look out. I can make it hot for people. (*crosses up c. to R.*)

HOSEA. You have. (*crosses L., coming down.*
JOTHAM UP *stage*) You've married quite a lot of couples around here. (*JOTHAM claps his hat on head and bustles out indignantly D. R.*) That wasn't right,—but there's some people who will rub you up the wrong way, and he's one of 'em. (*sits in chair L.*) So she's going away at half past one? Well, God bless her wherever she goes. She put a streak of sunlight into my life and it won't go away when she does, neither. I'd like to have said good-bye,—but it's better not. (*sighs*) Oh, dear me,—my heart feels as heavy as the under crust of a cranberry pie. Better shave if I'm going up there. (*to R., business*)

PHYLLIS. (*outside*) Be a little careful, Miss Farquhar,

HOSEA. (*looks L., crosses R.*) There's mother. She mustn't see me downhearted. (*goes to mantle R., strops razor. Sings a little verse as he does so, keeping time with razor. Makes lather in cup and tries edge of razor.* That razor's got an edge on it like an old maid at somebody else's weddin'. But I must shave somehow. (*lathers his face fiercely*) Oh! Oh! Soap in my eyes. That brush scatters like grand-sire's blunderbuss. (*gropes around wildly with eyes shut*) The towel? the towel,—the towel,—where's the towel? (*gets towel and rubs soap out of eyes*) Phew! I must shave, somehow. (*lathers face again.* NIOBE *enters down run*) I'd like to look clean faced for all those girls at the hotel. I would like to look kinder spruce.

NIOBE. (*enters, L.*) Oh, Mr. Howe,—your mother says—

HOSEA. (*in great confusion*) Sufferin' mackerel! (*opens cupboard and tries to get in. It is full of clothes and he can only get his head in*)

NIOBE. (*aside*) Oh, he must be very ill. He seems to have a kind of fit. I'll tell his mother. How pale and ghastly he looked. (*exits quickly, D. L.*)

(HOSEA, *after a moment's pause takes head out again, but darts back again quickly as NIOBE re-enters, L., followed by PHYLLIS.*)

PHYLLIS. (*agitated*) Hosea sick. Pale, you say?

NIOBE. As pale as a ghost. There he is. (*crosses D. L. to table. Points, R. of PHYLLIS, at back*)

PHYLLIS. (*rushes to him and seizes him*) Oh, Hosea, my son! Are you sick,—tell me? (*pulls him out*) Why, what's on your face?

HOSEA. (*aside*) I'm tryin' to shave, but I don't want a brass band and a torchlight procession. Mother, can't you get her away?

PHYLLIS. (*bus.*) Ha, ha, ha! Come along, Miss Farquhar, ye hain't seen half the garden yet. (*they exit, D. L.*)

HOSEA. (*shaves himself quickly*) I wish I could ever get over this. I'd like to stop bein' so shy. There ain't anything so terrible about girls when you come to know 'em—but they always seem to fluster me. (*washes and dries his face and puts things away*)

PHYLLIS. (*outside*) Hosea?

HOSEA. Yes, mother.

PHYLLIS. (*outside, L.*) Bring me my pocket book,—here's a peddler at the gate.

HOSEA. Yes, mother. Where is it?

PHYLLIS. (*outside*) In the pocket of my black alpaca in the clothes press. Hurry! (*HOSEA goes to closet R., takes down a woman's garments and replaces them impatiently. PHYLLIS, outside L. impatiently*) Hosea?

HOSEA. Yes, mother. (*gets tangled up in clothes. Drags out a black skirt, holds it up*)

PHYLLIS. (*outside L.*) Hurry, Hosea. (*HOSEA tries to find the pocket. Pats the dress all over. Holds it in his teeth and frantically plunges hands in all directions, vainly trying to find pocket*) Hosea,—what are you doing?

HOSEA. (*shouts something, unintelligible. At last, in despair, rolls up skirt and rushes L.*) Mother, here you be. A woman don't have no such trouble finding a man's pockets. (*exits D. L., with skirt*)

(*Enter CHARLEY RAND D. R., in flat, smoking cigarette.*)

CHARLEY. Phew! (*looks up outside door*) It's all right when you get here, of course, but I'd as soon live at the bottom of a well,—only there's no rope here to draw you up. I'm like a Good Friday bun,—

hot and cross. (*fans himself with hat*) Goodness knows where Virgie is.

VIRGIE. (*peeps in door L., in flat*) Here I am.

CHARLEY. (R.) Why, how did you get down here?

VIRGIE. Don't tell anybody. I slid.

CHARLEY. You slid?

VIRGIE. I slid. I had to. I started and couldn't stop myself. I hope nobody was looking.

CHARLEY. Well, I hope not. What a tom boy you are.

VIRGIE. (*sits in arm chair L., by table*) Oh, it was great fun. I sat on an old box cover and I tell you, tobogganing wasn't a circumstance to it. There was a flock of sheep on the hill, and you ought to have seen them scatter.

CHARLEY. (R. C.) No wonder.

VIRGIE. But, oh horrors! just at the foot of the hill—a dreadful monster stood in my way.

CHARLEY. A dreadful monster,—a man, I suppose?

VIRGIE. A man? Worse than that. A cow!

CHARLEY. Horrors!

VIRGIE. There's only one thing more dreadful for a girl than a cow,—that's a mouse.

CHARLEY. (R.) Well, did you drag me down here to tell me this?

VIRGIE. (L.) Well, I like that. This is gratitude for my making myself a gooseberry for my brother. Wasn't it your suggestion that we should come down here? And don't I know it's because Niobe Farquhar is calling here? That's the magnet that drew you down.

CHARLEY. Nonsense.

VIRGIE. Oh! Charley—

CHARLEY. Let's talk of something else.

VIRGIE. Well, then—(*looks around cautiously,*

and then leads him down) Charley, are you game for a declaration of independence?

CHARLEY. Against whom?

VIRGIE. Against papa. (*brings him c.*)

CHARLEY. Well,—not much! It doesn't sound very filial, but that *would* be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

VIRGIE. Papa is simply in the hands of Mr. Andrews. It is getting worse and worse. This sudden trip of ours to New York is Ward Andrews' idea,—not papa's. Now, if we refuse to go——

CHARLEY. If we refuse to go, papa will simply take you with him, and leave me here to shift for myself. How'll I pay my bills?

VIRGIE. Why, Charley, you're a grown man,—you ought to be able to earn some money.

CHARLEY. (*bitterly*) Ought to be,—yes. That's the curse of being a rich man's son. Brought up on expectations—and when we are obliged to shift for ourselves, a nice figure we cut,—don't we?

VIRGIE. But papa has put you in his office at a good salary?

CHARLEY. (*sits*) Yes,—and another man does my work,—or did. Father won't pay his salary,—says I must pay him myself or do the work.

VIRGIE. (*crosses R. c.*) Well,—why don't you?

CHARLEY. Do the work? Oh, it's too great a bore. Too much book keeping, and all that. I get all tangled up, keeping books.

VIRGIE. Why, you lazy thing! (*crosses L.*)

CHARLEY. Thanks.

VIRGIE. (*at table*) Oh, Charley,—I've an idea. I know the very man to help you in your work. What's the pay?

CHARLEY. Well, the other chap got twenty-five a week.

VIRGIE. And you'll pay that?

CHARLEY. I tell you I can't pay anything. Good land! It's as much as I can do now to keep up a decent appearance in society.

VIRGIE. (*confidentially, going to him*) Charley, if you'll engage the man I have in my mind I'll pay the salary and papa will never know it.

CHARLEY. (*rises*) You will? What for?

VIRGIE. Because it's doing a kindness to a very noble fellow. A man who did me a good turn once.

CHARLEY. (*looks at her*) Hello! hello! How interested and excited you are. Someone that we want near us in New York, eh? It's Jack Farquhar.

VIRGIE. It's Hosea Howe.

CHARLEY. Hosea Howe? That greenhorn? Why he is——

VIRGIE. He is the most perfect gentleman I ever met.

CHARLEY. (*rises, crosses c.*) Why, Virgie, you——

VIRGIE. (*crosses c.*) Well, Charley,—what is it,—yes, or no?

CHARLEY. It's always yes, to you. I surrender. It's the old fight, labor against capital. You're capital.

VIRGIE. But you call yourself labor. Ha, ha, ha! (*grasps his hand*) Charley, you're a good fellow. I'll speak to Hosea,—I mean Mr. Howe, about the affair,—and if there is ever a time when you need a few hundreds——

CHARLEY. Is there ever a time when I don't. There's no time like the present!

VIRGIE. You shall have it when we reach New York. (*looks L.*) My! There's Niobe Farquhar in the garden.

CHARLEY. (*excitedly*) Where? (*UP to window*)

VIRGIE. Charley, you are getting a little bit spoony in that quarter. Now, there's a girl worth working for.

CHARLEY. (*delighted*) Isn't she, though?

VIRGIE. If I were a man and loved a girl like that I'd brace up and make a plunge in Wall street—do something,—and be somebody. (*crosses down R.*)

CHARLEY. (*desperately*) By Jove! And I will. I'll plunge with your check. (*crosses to door*) She looks like a two dollar Jack rose surrounded by chick weed. (*exits L. UP run*)

VIRGIE. I really must shake hands with myself. (*does so, vigorously*) I'm quite a diplomat. Hosea will have his dearest wish, of being in the city. Perhaps he will find that poor girl,—and I,—I—shall have a true friend always near at hand. (*crosses R.*)

(*Enter HOSEA D. L., in flat, carrying heavy bouquet and two buckets of water.*)

Good morning, Mr. Howe. (*HOSEA stands confused*) You seem to have a heavy burden. Can I assist you?

HOSEA. Yes, I guess you can. (*puts down buckets and hands her bouquet*)

VIRGIE. Oh,—thank you. (*smells them*)

HOSEA. There ain't much smell to them, but they're pretty to look on.

VIRGIE. (*crosses L.*) I hope I'm not robbing anyone. Didn't you pick them for your mother?

HOSEA. No, I picked 'em for you. Kinder thought I'd send 'em up to the hotel. Mother likes her bouquets made of potatoes and turnips, and sich like.

VIRGIE. Indeed!

HOSEA. (*shyly*) We're goin' to have a boiled dinner to-day.

VIRGIE. That's nice.

HOSEA. Seen mother yet? (*bus. with coat*)

VIRGIE. Not yet.

HOSEA. She looks pretty fair, considerin' she's got the whole of Peaceful Valley on her mind. Goin' away to-day, I hear?

VIRGIE. (R.) Yes. At half past one.

HOSEA. (L.) I'm sorry.

VIRGIE. So am I. Very. (*bus.*)

HOSEA. (*puts down buckets, rubs his hands, rushes over to her and takes her hand confusedly*) Well—good-bye. (*rushes out D. R.*)

VIRGIE. Oh, Hosea! Mr. Howe! Stop! Stop! I've something to say to you. (*rushes after him and brings him back*) What made you run off like that?

HOSEA. (*sheepishly*) I was afraid mebbe that the cow'd fell down the well. (*crosses L.*)

VIRGIE. Nonsense. (*crosses R. C.*)

HOSEA. (L. C.) Get the milk all water.

VIRGIE. Why, there are tears in your eyes. (*crosses C. to HOSEA*)

HOSEA. (*winking violently*) Well, it's a valuable cow.

VIRGIE. But it didn't fall in the water. Now, Mr. Howe, that doesn't sound a bit like you. You don't deal in subterfuge. (*takes flower from bouquet*) Won't you wear this for me?

HOSEA. (*awkwardly*) Thank you. (*tries to put it in buttonhole*)

VIRGIE. Let me put it in your coat. (*pins it on his coat as he holds her bouquet*) Why, how you're trembling!

HOSEA. It runs in the family.

VIRGIE. What do you mean?

HOSEA. My great grandfather was a Shaker.

PHYLLIS. (*enters L. door. Sharply*) Hosea?

HOSEA. (C.) Mother? (*drops bouquet in confusion. VIRGIE sticks the pin in him.*) Oh! (*he rubs his chest*)

VIRGIE. (R.) The pin. Oh, I'm sorry. I hope I didn't hurt you?

HOSEA. (*bus.*) Well you did, a little. 'Twon't last. (*turns to PHYLLIS. Crosses L. C. Bus.*)

Mother,—this is Miss Rand, the young lady I was talkin' about. (*crosses. Goes UP and crosses DOWN L.*)

PHYLLIS. (*c. Icily*) How do you do, Miss Rand.

VIRGIE. (*R. c. Demurely*) Pretty well, thank you.

(PHYLLIS drags rocking chair to c. and sits down. They stand awkwardly R. and L., while she glares at them through her glasses.)

PHYLLIS. (*c.*) Won't you sit down, Miss Rand?

VIRGIE. No, thank you. (PHYLLIS knits and rocks, and eyes them furtively)

HOSEA. (*L. Bus. After struggling with his confusion*) Mother, don't I smell your cake burnin'?

PHYLLIS. I ain't bakin' to-day. (*shortly*)

HOSEA. Couldn't be the kitchen floor afire, could it?

PHYLLIS. (*calmly*) Could be. Suppose ye go an' see?

HOSEA. Come to think of it, it couldn't be. There's zinc all around the stove.

PHYLLIS. Oh! (*knowingly*)

VIRGIE. Well, I think I'll be going. (*goes UP R.*)

HOSEA. (*starts up L.*) I'll just show ye the short cut to the hotel. (*picking up flowers*)

PHYLLIS. (*sharply*) Hosea,—have you dug the potatoes for dinner?

HOSEA. (*UP L. c.*) Yes, mother. And put 'em in the kittle, on the stove.

PHYLLIS. Cover 'em with water?

HOSEA. (*UP L. c. Startled*) By ginger! No,—I never put any water in.

PHYLLIS. (*jumps up*) Great guns! Then that's what's burnin'. (*rushes out D. L.*)

VIRGIE. (*archly*) Oh,—Mr. Howe.

HOSEA. I didn't. I didn't put a drop in. (*bolts door L. 2nd*)

VIRGIE. Really?

HOSEA. Really. Why, did you think I was deceivin' mother?

VIRGIE. Well, for a moment, I——

HOSEA. Oh, no. I don't say I'd have took on very much if she'd a gone out and left us to ourselves——

VIRGIE. (*archly*) No?

HOSEA. I wouldn't deceive mother, not—not—no, not even for you.

VIRGIE. And I honor you for it.

HOSEA. (*brings rocker DOWN L.*) Though that ain't exactly true, come to think of it. I did deceive her once,—but it was for her good. (*offers her rocking chair. He sits in rocker. Both rock*)

(*Bus. of sitting.*)

When Martha went away—with that man—an' we knew the worst, mother walked the floor all night 'ong for a week, wringin' her hands and mournin'. They telegraphed to me. I was at Brattleboro. I couldn't go look for Martha, for I'd no idea where she'd gone,—and I couldn't leave mother in that state.

VIRGIE. Of course not.

HOSEA. So I cheated her. I wrote a letter to myself, lookin' like Martha's writin' and signed it with Martha's name, and dated it from New York. In it I made Martha say that she'd left that scoundrel and been married to another man who knew her whole story,—and in spite of that was glad to have her for his wife. (*wipes his eyes*)

VIRGIE. And it isn't true?

HOSEA. No, it isn't true. It's nothin' but a lie,—but I did it for mother's sake, and I've had to keep it up.

VIRGIE. If all the falsehoods of life were like that the world would be the better for them.

HOSEA. So you see why I'm so anxious to get to New York. (*rises*)

VIRGIE. How would you like to go now,—to-day?

HOSEA. To-day? Why, you take my breath away. How could I?

VIRGIE. My brother needs an assistant in the office. Can you keep books?

HOSEA. Guess I *can*.

VIRGIE. The salary is small. (*pause*) Twenty-five dollars a week.

HOSEA. Small? I call that big.

VIRGIE. If you can be spared at the farm here——

HOSEA. Git a man for ten dollars a month and found, to do all that I do. Mother'd miss me. She'd miss me awful. But you know why I want to go to New York.

VIRGIE. (*softly. Crosses*) Yes,—yes, I know.

HOSEA. And mother's so much better now. I tried to find out from that scoundrel, while he was here, where my sister was, but he said he didn't know. He does know. I was in a cold sweat for fear he'd tell mother and she'd discover my deceivin' her.

VIRGIE. (*indignantly*) But he didn't dare——

HOSEA. No, he didn't. What was one human soul more or less, to him?

VIRGIE. Don't mention him. (*crosses to L.*)

HOSEA. You won't have to see him any more, will you?

VIRGIE. Oh, I don't know. He is so mixed up in father's affairs to such an extent——

HOSEA. (R. C.) But if your father was told what kind of a man he is——

VIRGIE. (L. C.) I tried to tell him, but he wouldn't listen.

HOSEA. Why, if the folks in New York who meet him knew him as I do they'd shun him like a leper.

VIRGIE. Oh, I'm afraid not. Society often receives such men without a question.

HOSEA. Knowin' just what they are?

VIRGIE. Yes.

HOSEA. Introduce 'em to their mothers, and wives, and their daughters?

VIRGIE. Too often,—Yes.

HOSEA. Any churches in New York?

VIRGIE. Oh, yes.

HOSEA. Anybody go to 'em?

VIRGIE. Yes, but not as many as ought to.

HOSEA. Well, I should think not. Methodist churches there?

VIRGIE. Oh, yes. There are a number of them.

HOSEA. That's good. 'Fraid I should feel like a wanderin' sheep anywhere but Methodist. Do they have congregational singin'?

VIRGIE. Oh, I believe so.

HOSEA. Good! I'd like to hear them. Not that I think I'm a singer, you know. I'm sure I ain't. But when I've heard a good sermon that turns me over, I—I—kinder want to break out and—let myself loose to music. (*sings verse of hymn*) There's soul in that.

VIRGIE. Yes.

HOSEA. Mother says the organ ain't in it with me. Some of the shingles are off the roof of our meetin' house and she vows I did it. (*getting near to her*) What time you goin' to New York?

VIRGIE. At 1:30. (*looks at watch*) It's ten minutes to twelve now.

HOSEA. (*looks out window L.*) Your watch is about ten minutes slow.

VIRGIE. Why?

HOSEA. The shadow of our flagpole strikes the middle of that rhubarb bed at twelve exactly. It's there now. (*steam whistle blows*) There she blows down at the woollen mill.

VIRGIE. Why, what an odd way of telling time.

• HOSEA. It's a safe way. Thieves might rob you of your watch, but they wouldn't run away with that rhubarb bed, an' they can't steal the sun. (VIRGIE *crosses L.*)

VIRGIE. That's true. (*looks at book shelf*) Gracious! what a lot of books,—and such deep books, too. (*touches large book*) That one particularly, eh?

HOSEA. That's wide, but it ain't deep.

VIRGIE. Milton, Shakespeare, Huxley, Dickens, Lamartine, Carlyle, Hugo—do you read all these? (*crosses D. L. C.*)

HOSEA. I've read 'em over and over again. They're the best friends I've got.

VIRGIE. Oh, I hope not.

HOSEA. Best friends I've got 'cause when I get tired of 'em I can shut 'em up.

VIRGIE. (L.) That's true. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, how could you ever endure that hotel,—and waiting on all those people?

HOSEA. (*looks at her awkwardly*) There's some people I should like to wait on all my life. Who's your waiter now?

VIRGIE. His name is Phillip.

HOSEA. (R.) Oh, yes. We called him Funny Phillip. He used to be head waiter,—but he was too funny. He'd put all the red haired men together at one table,—and all the bald headed men together,—and when he could place a hard shell Baptist minister next to a New York drummer he felt that his day wasn't wasted.

VIRGIE. Ha, ha, ha! Well then, will you see my brother Charley and tell him you accept the position? He's in the garden somewhere, now. (UP C. R.)

HOSEA. (*crosses L.*) Yes, indeed. And I must break it to mother, too. It's for her good, though—and mine. Fare's about sixteen dollars to New York, ain't it,—by the steam cars?

VIRGIE. Yes, but you needn't pay that. Charley will buy all the tickets, and you can pay him when you've gone to work.

HOSEA. That's kind of him. As I'm goin' to pay him back I'll take it. Country folks have 'bout every-thing but money, you know.

VIRGIE. (*grasps his hand*) Until 1:30, then——

(*Enter PHYLLIS D. L.*)

PHYLLIS. Hosea?—what's the matter with this door. (*they jump apart, nervously. Bus., unbolt. HOSEA, Guess it's stuck. Bus.*)

VIRGIE. (*going L.*) Well, good morning, Mr. Howe. Good morning, Mrs. Howe. (*exits D. L.*)

PHYLLIS. (*Bus. Crosses to c. and turns after VIRGIE: comes DOWN, turns HOSEA around and looks at him through spectacles*) Hosea, that girl's got designs on you.

HOSEA. (*crosses R. Off coat*) Mother, don't be foolish.

PHYLLIS. (L.) I know the signs. I'd orter. Do you care for her?

HOSEA. Sho! Mother, do be sensible. When I was a child I used to lay in my trundle bed and cry for the moon. Did I ever git it?

PHYLLIS. (*wiping her eyes*) I'd a given it to ye if I could.

HOSEA. (*patting her head sympathetically*) Don't I know it? Ye couldn't,—but ye did the next best thing—ye pulled down the curtain and gave me a big, round, pilot cracker an' I thought I had the moon.

PHYLLIS. (*laughing through her tears*) I remember.

HOSEA. Well, suppose I should cry for the moon now,—it wouldn't hurt me any, would it? Girls don't care nothin' about me. Most on 'em shy at me as if I was a last year's bunnet.

PHYLLIS. If they knew you as I do they wouldn't.
(*he crosses over to PHYLLIS*)

HOSEA. (*puts arms around her neck*) Every mother thinks her goose is a swan.

PHYLLIS. You ain't a goose.

HOSEA. No. I'm more like a crane. Mother, I want you to do me a favor,—will you? It may be hard for ye to agree.

PHYLLIS. It'll be harder for me to refuse.

HOSEA. Let me go to New York.

PHYLLIS. (*rises,—startled*) To New York?—when?

HOSEA. To-day.

PHYLLIS. What for?

HOSEA. (*forgetting*) To try and find Martha.
(*crosses c.*)

PHYLLIS. To find Martha,—why, what do you mean, Hosea? To find her—why— isn't she married, and—and—settled down in New York, and fast for-gittin' her awful experience with that man? (*cries*)

HOSEA. (*confused*) Why—I—of course—of course, mother—of course. When I said find her I meant find out just how she's gettin' on, an' all that, eh? (*wipes perspiration from his face*)

PHYLLIS. (*sits*) Oh, what a start you gave me. I've had such awful dreams about her. Awful dreams. But dreams go by contraries, I know that. Yes, poor girl, she'll be right glad to see you.

HOSEA. I hope so.

PHYLLIS. An' ye know the number of her house and jest where to go?

HOSEA. (*crosses UP R. Evasively*) New York's an easy place to get around in, they say. All the streets in numbers. (*taking off overalls*)

PHYLLIS. (*L. Rises,—delightedly*) Hosea, don't say a word. It'll be a surprise to her and her husband. I'll go with ye. (c.)

HOSEA. (*startled*) No,—no, mother, ye mustn't.

PHYLLIS. Mustn't? And why not? Would you be ashamed of your mother in the city? (*lays head on HOSEA'S shoulder*)

HOSEA. (*confusedly*) You know I wouldn't. But—but—lemme go, an' if it's all right and the city's nice I'll send for you.

PHYLLIS. (c.) Send for me? Why, how long you goin' to be gone?

HOSEA. Mother, I kin get twenty-five dollars a week in New York.

PHYLLIS. Twenty-five dollars a week? Hosea, you ain't bein' took in by any o' them green goods men, be ye?

HOSEA. I guess not. I'm the only green goods they'd handle, and if they tried to roast me they'd find that I was too green to burn. It's book keepin' for Mr. Rand's son. Why, I can save enough in six months to pay off our mortgage.

PHYLLIS. You can?

HOSEA. That's what I can. And mebbe I can run home every month or so,—or, if ye get too lonely we can rent the farm and you can come to New York.

PHYLLIS. (*claps her hands*) Oh, can I? (*they embrace*) Oh, Hosea! Ah, but the city—I'm afraid the city'll be too bad for ye.

HOSEA. I'll go to bed every night at eight o'clock.

PHYLLIS. Oh, will ye?

HOSEA. 'Cept Saturday nights. Saturday nights, guess I'll stay up till nine; there might be somethin' goin' on, ye know.

PHYLLIS. Oh, Hosea.

HOSEA. What are you afraid of,—there won't be no danger. But I wouldn't want the New York folks to think I was dead, you know. Wilson will work the farm for you while I'm gone, and jump at the chance. Can I go? (*crosses R.*)

PHYLLIS. It's like tearin' out my heart to let ye, but I never denied ye nothin' yet. Go if you must, Hosea, and God bless you. (*wipes her eyes and rests her head on his shoulder*)

HOSEA. (*suddenly*) There's a rip in the leg of my best pants.

PHYLLIS. I'll fix everything for ye. (*exits D. L., sadly*)

HOSEA. (*crosses C. Looks after her*) Satan may have got his grip on our *first* mother, but he ain't had any mortgage on any of 'em *since*.

(*Enter JACK FARQUHAR D. in F. R., intoxicated. Sits in chair R., in reckless fashion. Dashes hat to floor.*)

JACK. Hello, Polonius! Polonius! Very like a whale. Shakespearean joke. See?

HOSEA. Guess you've been drinkin'.

JACK. You yankees are great guessers. Haven't the least idea how I got down here,—but here I am.

HOSEA. Hadn't ye better lie down? Ye can go to my room.

JACK. (*rises. Crosses C.*) No, thank you. My arms are drunk, and my legs are drunk, and my voice may be drunk, but my mind's all clear. Nothing else drunk about me.

HOSEA. Mebbe your breath's a little bit spicy.

JACK. I know just what I came here for.

HOSEA. What did ye come for? (*JACK places chair, sits straddle and almost falls over on HOSEA*) It's the strangest thing to me that when a man gets drinkin' he can't sneak off quietly and hide. He must go prancin' round town and pickin' out all the places where people know him.

JACK. I came here because I like you.

HOSEA. And I like you, too. (*grasps his hand*) And it makes me feel bad to see as good a mān as

you in such a state. What would your sister say? She's here.

JACK. Don't! Don't! Women can't understand these things.

HOSEA. They understand 'em a good sight better than we do. If I wasn't ashamed to have her see you, mother'd sober you up in ten minutes. (*gets working coat on nail c.*)

JACK. Can you always say no?

HOSEA. I always do.

JACK. I can't,—I'm weak. It isn't love of liquor; it's sociability. When I meet a friend I like to make myself solid.

HOSEA. You mean you like to make yourself liquid. Gracious! but you must have begun early this morning.

JACK. It's left over from last night. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, what I wanted to say was this:—that man, Ward Andrews, is going to make trouble for you.

HOSEA. I think he's made enough.

JACK. (*crosses to R.*) I just overheard Mr. Rand—

(*Enter LEONARD RAND D. R. in F.*)

RAND. (*JACK DOWN R.*) I will save you the trouble, Mr. Farquhar—

JACK. (*R.*) Aha! what's this?

RAND. (*R. C.*) More particularly as you seem to have some trouble in articulating.

(*Enter VIRGIE RAND D. R. in F.*)

VIRGIE. (*C.*) Oh, papa,—I've been running after you and calling out for over five minutes.

(*Enter NIOBE. Crosses D. R. to JACK'S R.*)

RAND. (*R. C.*) All the better that you are here. Where is your brother?

CHARLEY. (*enters L.*) Here I am, dad.

(NIOBE sees JACK. Goes to him.)

NIOBE. Why, Jack? (*hand on his shoulder*)

JACK. (*half sobered*) Don't bother me,—I'm thinking. (*they go up to door R. NIOBE comes L.*)

HOSEA. Won't ye have a chair, Mr. Rand? (*calls out L.*) Mother,—here's company.

PHYLLIS. (*outside L.*) Mercy on us!

(VIRGIE goes to JACK R.)

RAND. Mr. Howe, a few words with you——

HOSEA. (*going L., to CHARLEY.*) Glad to hear anything you've got to say.

RAND. (C.) I'm not so sure of that——

(*Enter PHYLLIS L. C., with carpet bag.*)

I hear that you have received an offer to assist my son with his work in the city. Is it true?

HOSEA. (L. *Pats CHARLEY on shoulder*) Yes, thank ye,—and I've jumped at the chance. (*crosses L., extreme L.*)

PHYLLIS. (C.) I'm packin' his things now.

(MUSIC, PLAINITIVE. WARNING FOR CURTAIN.)

RAND. (R. C. *Nervously, and with uneasiness*) I—I am very sorry,—but the position is not vacant.

CHARLEY. Oh! I say, dad——

VIRGIE. Oh! papa——

HOSEA. (*crosses to C., with evident disappointment. NIOBE crosses UP back*) Somebody got ahead of me, eh? Oh, well, it can't be helped.

PHYLLIS. Is there anything the matter with my son? (L. C.)

HOSEA. (C.) Oh, mother.

VIRGIE. (R.) Papa, the place is not filled. I don't believe it. (UP to C.)

CHARLEY. Not by me.

RAND. (*with an effort*) Well, then, if I must speak more plainly,—Mr. Howe does not suit me.

VIRGIE. (*at c. Indignantly*) Don't suit you? It's somebody else he doesn't suit. (*goes up to opening, looks out of window L.*)

RAND. (R.) How dare you talk in that manner.

VIRGIE. (*at window. To ANDREWS outside*) I should think you would be ashamed to face this household, Mr. Andrews.

HOSEA. (c. *Indignantly*) Andrews! He's the man that's 'standin' in my light? See here, Mr. Rand, I'm goin' to New York—

RAND. (R.) Enough! I don't want you. The office is mine, I believe!

HOSEA. (*crossing PHYLLIS. Spiritedly, to RAND*) The office may be yours—but New York ain't yours,—the railroad ain't yours,—and the turnpike road's free. (*to PHYLLIS*) Mother,—I'm goin' to New York—If I have to walk every step of the way!

(MUSIC.)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE:—*The next summer. The "best room" at MRS. HOWE'S. Characteristic New England parlor; neat and old-fashioned. Old style, black, horsehair chairs, sofa, and "rocker." Old mahogany table, mahogany "whatnot," all stiffly arranged. Bright carpet and three round, braided rag mats on floor. Brass andirons in fireplace L. Chrystallized grasses in vases on high mantel-piece over fire-place L. Also conche shells*

daguerrotypes, "cartes de visites" and wax flowers on mantel and on table. Green cloth on table. Old style oil portrait of HOSEA'S father over mantel (picture must be well done). Bright wall paper on walls. Oval frame of hair flowers in a wreath with protruding glass on flat, old-fashioned looking glass R. Windows in flat R. and L., with white curtains, and green blinds to open out. Windows to open. Scene backed by same mountain view, with vines, plants, etc. Door L. 2 E., and door in flat R. Green blinds and windows closed and room in very dim light at rise of curtain. At rise of curtain, enter PHYLLIS D. L., followed by CHARLEY RAND.

PHYLLIS. (*crosses c.*) Take care, Mr. Rand.

CHARLEY. (*crosses L. c. Falls over chair*) Good gracious!

PHYLLIS. Did you hurt yourself?

CHARLEY. (*rubs his leg*) Oh, no. But why do you keep it so dark in here? And how stuffy it smells? What room is this?

PHYLLIS. This is the best room. Oh, I forgot that you wasn't New England.

(Opens windows and pushes blinds back. Sunshine pours into room and lights it up. She drags mats and places them where the sun is shining on the carpet:—talking through it all.)

I hope the sun don't fade that carpet. Had it twenty-six years. Yes,—the best room isn't opened much.

CHARLEY. Except for weddings or funerals. (R. c.)

PHYLLIS. Yes. Or great occasions. The settin' room's our livin' room, but we have to have a best room, even if we don't use it much. It makes us feel as if we *was* somebody.

CHARLEY. (*crosses R. Sits*) I know,—I know. It's just the same with shoes.

PHYLLIS. (*crosses D. L. C.*) Shoes?

CHARLEY. Yes. If a fellow has two or three pairs of new shoes at home, he's perfectly willing to wear an old pair on the street—but if he's only got the old pair he'll stay at home.

PHYLLIS. (*sits at table R.*) That's so. But sit down, Mr. Rand. I'm real glad to see you. (CHARLEY *sits*) So you're all back to the Ayrtop House again?

CHARLEY. Yes,—father and I, and Niobe. Virgie comes on a later train with Jack Farquhar.

PHYLLIS. Mr. Farquhar? Is he a-drinkin' now?

CHARLEY. He's a changed man.

PHYLLIS. (*R. of table C.*) I'm glad of it,—I always liked him.

CHARLEY. We fancied it here so much last summer that we thought we'd try it again.

PHYLLIS. And when did you see my Hosea last?

CHARLEY. Your son? Well, Mrs. Howe, to tell you the truth, I haven't seen him for three months.

PHYLLIS. Why, I thought you lived in New York?

CHARLEY. So I do, but it's a big place—and your son seemed so busy.

PHYLLIS. (*enthusiastically*) Busy? Well, I should say so. Why, when he got through with his office duties at six o'clock he'd go to the Cooper Institute, nights, and study there until they blew out the last candle—and it didn't cost him a cent, either.

CHARLEY. Yes. It was all bequeathed to the poor and ambitious of New York by Peter Cooper.

PHYLLIS. Then God bless Peter Cooper, say I.

CHARLEY. Amen.

PHYLLIS. Why, it's done so much for my Hosea that he's comin' back to take a professorship in the college here. Just think—a professorship!

CHARLEY. Oh! then that accounts for opening this room?

PHYLLIS. Yes. An' it's my birthday, too. Fifty years old, and a widow for twenty years. (*points to picture*) That's father up there.

CHARLEY. Your father?

PHYLLIS. Gracious no! My husband,—Hosea's father. (*turns and rises*)

CHARLEY. (*rises,—stares at it*) Oh! (*goes to picture L.*)

PHYLLIS. (*crosses L. of table. Points to framed daguerrotype on mantel*) That's me and Martha, when she was a year old.

CHARLEY. (*going to chair L. Sits. Takes it up and looks at it with interest*) Oh, indeed!

PHYLLIS. (*seated L. of table*) But, I don't understand your not seein' Hosea oftener.

CHARLEY. (*places daguerrotype on mantel while speaking, and crosses R. C.*) Sister Virgie has seen him several times and asked him to call. But he never would. He disliked father, since that day last summer, you know.

PHYLLIS. Well, I try hard to be a Christian,—but I can't blame Hosea.

CHARLEY. Nor I. But father has changed since then. He has been deceived by those he trusted.

PHYLLIS. (*rises, excitedly R.*) D'ye mean Ward Andrews?

CHARLEY. Yes.

PHYLLIS. (*devoutly*) I know—I know. But God took His own good time. (*going UP and DOWN. Wipes her eyes, and walks about nervously*)

CHARLEY. Your son was always occupied, Virgie said. When he was not at work he was walking the streets,—sometimes all night long,—searching—searching—

PHYLLIS. Searching, what for?

CHARLEY. (*aside*) Phew! she doesn't know. (*crosses R. C. Aside, back of table R.*) Oh, searching for information, and all that.

PHYLLIS. All night long! He must be crazy. (*looks at him wistfully*) He found Martha, and her husband, all right, you know?

CHARLEY. (*nervously*) Oh, yes—yes. I knew that. (*aside*) Poor woman!

PHYLLIS. c. (*Earnestly*) Did you see her?

CHARLEY. (R. *With an effort*) Oh, yes—yes. I met her. (*aside*) Oh! this is awful. (*crosses D. R. to sofa*)

PHYLLIS. (*eagerly*) And was she well and happy?

CHARLEY. (*nervously*) Yes.—Yes, indeed.

PHYLLIS. Did you see her husband?

CHARLEY. Yes. No—no. I didn't see him. He was out. (*is very much flustered*)

PHYLLIS. Workin', I suppose. But I can't understand Martha's not writin'. It's hard. I've only had two letters from her in a year.

CHARLEY. (*aside*) More of Hosea's forgeries, I suppose.

PHYLLIS. (*sets chair up at table. DOWN C.*) But Hosea's written enough for both. And he's not only sent me money right along, but he's paid our lawyer for months and months in that suit about the land 'round here. I was ready to give it up, but Hosea never would,—never. He wrote he'd live on a cracker a day first.

NIOBE. (*outside R.*) Mrs. Howe? Mrs. Howe?

PHYLLIS. Land o' Goshen! Who's that? (*crosses L.*)

CHARLEY. (*carelessly*) It sounds like my wife.

PHYLLIS. (*turns to him*) Your what?

CHARLEY. My wife. Oh, I didn't tell you, did I? I'm married.

PHYLLIS. (*astonished*) Married? A child like you?

CHARLEY. (*bracing up*) Oh, come now, Mrs. Howe,—I'm twenty-three, you know.

NIOBE. (*bursts into room at D. R. To CHARLEY*) So, here you are? (*crosses D. C., between them*) Oh,—Mrs. Howe. (*kisses her*)

PHYLLIS. (*turns from one to the other*) You don't mean to say,—You never—I can't believe it. What? (*looks at NIOBE*) An infant in arms?

CHARLEY. (*quickly. Crosses C.*) Not yet, Mrs. Howe.

PHYLLIS. Mercy on us! (*exits D. L., quickly*)

NIOBE. (*crosses C. Comes L. to chair*) Now, Charley, why did you pass right by me in the hotel parlor and not speak to me? You were flirting.

CHARLEY. Why. I didn't see you. (*sitting on end of table R. C.*)

NIOBE. Oh,—oh,—oh! Worse and worse. You were the young man who could always *feel* my presence, I believe? (*gushingly*) No need for you to see me. Oh, no! An undefinable intangible something always told you when I entered a room, though your eyes viewed me not. And when I departed you always knew it by the flood of darkness that swept over your soul. Pretty, wasn't it? (*crosses R.*)

CHARLEY. Very. It came from my heart.

NIOBE. It came from a ten cent book of elocution.

CHARLEY. Oh,—I say, Niobe—

NIOBE. I have the book.

CHARLEY. Hem! Let's change the subject. (*crosses L. C.*)

NIOBE. I should say so. I wish you weren't so young; people take you for my little brother.

CHARLEY. That's good. Why don't you take a day off and grow a little. You keep rating me about my size. (*starts up to door C. R. 3rd*) Not your size. (*back of C.*) There you go again.

NIOBE. (R. c. *Detains him*) But you mustn't go. And, if you're not tall, it doesn't matter.—Napoleon was a little man.

CHARLEY. (R. *Dramatically*) Mrs. Rand—Napoleon divorced Josephine. (*crosses D. R.*)

NIOBE. Ha, ha, ha! That's true—and he met his Waterloo afterwards. All the same,—if I see you talking any more with that tall widow—

CHARLEY. Oh, don't be silly. I reminded her of a baby she had once. (*crosses D. R. C.*)

NIOBE. I believe that. Say,—why don't you grow whiskers?

CHARLEY. Whiskers? Oh, they're such a bother.

NIOBE. I like 'em.

CHARLEY. You do?

NIOBE. Yes,—or a big moustache. Moustache and whiskers are nice.

CHARLEY. (*loftily*) I don't think so.

NIOBE. Can't you grow 'em?

CHARLEY. (*indignantly*) Of course I can grow 'em. I used to wear 'em.

NIOBE. You did? (*crosses to c.*)

CHARLEY. Yes. Too much trouble. Made me look too old. (*crosses L.*)

NIOBE. Oh, I like that.

CHARLEY. (*sulkily*) That'll do, now!

NIOBE. (*rubs his cheek*) I thought men's faces were rough. Yours isn't.

CHARLEY. (*savagely*) Just got shaved.

NIOBE. I don't believe you. (R. 3rd)

(*Enter JACK FARQUHAR D. in F. Hurriedly, speaks in a suppressed tone, points R.*)

JACK. Charley, is there an entrance at that side of the garden?

CHARLEY. I don't know. What are you up to?

NIOBE. Yes,—there is an entrance there. (C.)

JACK. Then both of you get right out of here, please. (R.)

NIOBE. What for?

JACK. We have just returned from New York, and Virgie has brought back Martha Howe.

CHARLEY. (*crosses to L.*) Good!

NIOBE. Hosea's sister. Poor girl. Let me stay, Jack.

JACK. No—no. She shrinks from observation. It was with the greatest difficulty that Virgie induced her to come. We want to get her in here unobserved. You know she left the village in disgrace. She shudders at the thought of seeing anyone,—you understand?

NIOBE. (*wipes her eyes. Crosses UP D. L. 2nd*) Yes,—yes, Jack. I'm going. Come along, Charley. But send for me soon, I want to help too.

JACK. Then lure Mrs. Howe around to the other side of the house and keep her there for ten minutes.

NIOBE. Yes, Jack. (*she and CHARLEY exit D. L.*)

(*JACK exits D. in F. She goes R. Sound of bolt being drawn outside. Re-enter JACK D. in F. He goes L. of room where he stands sympathetically. MUSIC Pianissimo.*)

VIRGIE. (*outside D. in F.*) Are we all alone, Jack?

JACK. (L.) All alone. (*crosses R. of chair*)

(*Enter VIRGIE D. in F., assisting in MARTHA HOWE. MARTHA walks a step or two into the room and looks around at familiar objects. Nerves herself with effort. Goes over to mantel and looks at father's picture. Picks up daguerrotype of mother and herself. Looks at it,—clutches mantel with one hand,—drops her head and weeps very quietly. Is about falling when JACK catches her and seats her in chair L. VIRGIE rushes over and revives her.*)

JACK. (*L. of chair*) I'd better go, Virgie.

VIRGIE. (*R. of MARTHA*) Don't go, Jack, I want your advice.

MARTHA. (*rises, feebly*) Don't go, Mr. Farquhar. You have been most kind and sympathetic. (*crosses to table*) I—I—didn't mean to break down. (*crosses to chair and sits, L. of table R.*)

JACK. (*with feeling*) Really, Virgie,—I wish you'd let me go. Perhaps I can be of service to you elsewhere. Perhaps I can tell Mrs. Howe,—but really,—I—I can't stand this. It is too solemn and too sacred a scene for a fellow like me. Let me go.

VIRGIE. Yes, you can tell Mrs. Howe. But be careful, Jack.

MARTHA. (*feverishly*) No,—no. Wait—wait. Oh, I can't meet her—I can't,—I can't.

VIRGIE. (*aside*) She thinks you are married.

MARTHA. (*rises*) Oh, but I dare not look her in the eye with a lie on my lips. How can I?

VIRGIE. (*aside*) It is to save her from misery. It will be forgiven.

MARTHA. (*after a pause*) Well, then, Mr. Farquhar—but don't tell her who it is. Say a—a—visitor.

JACK. I understand. (*exits hastily D. L. 2nd*)

MARTHA. (*chair R., L. of table*) Oh, Miss Rand, why should you have taken such an interest in me?

VIRGIE. (*L. C.*) Because I like your brother. And you, too.

MARTHA. (*rises*) You are a good girl. I see the divine light of innocence shining in your eyes. Pray to God to keep it there. Cling to your friends, miss, and never leave them. (*sits again*) Don't waste your time on me.

VIRGIE. (*over her, at back of table*) Let me help you. We are all children of one great Father. You are my sister still. Now tell me what you could not

tell me on the train. I understand why you hesitated, with Mr. Farquhar there—but we are alone now.

(*MARTHA lays her head on table and sobs softly, as VIRGIE pats her head tenderly.*)

MARTHA. (*seated. With emotion—but quietly*) Oh, Miss Rand, I thought I was married. Indeed I did. I was deceived as many a poor girl has been before me. I left home secretly with a man with whom I became fascinated. On the train I became stricken with remorse and demanded that he take me back home again. To quiet me he called a neighbor of ours who happened to be on the train, who was a Justice of the Peace, and he married us in the state room of the parlor car.

VIRGIE. Were there witnesses?

MARTHA. Yes. The conductor, and the porter of the car.

VIRGIE. (*eagerly*) Well, that was a legal marriage.

MARTHA. So I thought, but when this man deserted me months after, he told me that it was no marriage as, just before the ceremony was performed we had crossed the state line and the Justice of the Peace held no authority except in his own state.

VIRGIE. Monstrous! What did you do? (*crosses L. of table*)

(*MUSIC.*)

MARTHA. Alone, friendless in a great city—bowed down with shame, I have lived—heaven knows how,—but, thank God, honestly.

VIRGIE. And your people?

MARTHA. Shame kept me from writing,—except at first when I deceived them here. I could not come back. I feared to meet their honest eyes.

VIRGIE. But you were not to blame.

MARTHA. The world always sides against the woman.

PHYLLIS. (*outside*) Oh, you can't cheat me— (*MARTHA rises and rushes up c. Is stopped by VIRGIE*) A visitor, eh? It's my Hosea, that's who it is.

(*Enters D. L., in great excitement.*)

Visitor, eh? Some of his old tricks. Now, no foolin'. Why—(*sees MARTHA, who stands in much agitation, supported by VIRGIE. PHYLLIS utters a cry of joy*) Marthy! (*clasps her in her arms. Petting MARTHA and crying over her*)

(*Music gradually increases from very faint—stops*)

Oh, my dear, my dear! Oh, my dear, my dear! But, where's your husband? (*looks around*) Ain't he with you?

MARTHA. No, mother.

PHYLLIS. He's a strange kind of a man,—never to show himself, or never to write a line. (*going to her*) But never mind, dearie, I've got *you*. Come right out in the kitchen and get a cup o' tea; you must be about beat out. You come too, Miss Rand. (*exits D. L., with MARTHA. MARTHA sobbing quietly on her breast*)

JACK. (*moves UP stage as they exit*) Who says blood isn't thicker than water?

VIRGIE. (R.) Oh! Jack—when her mother knows the truth.

JACK. (*down c.*) When her mother knows the truth she will remember that she is a Christian woman;—she will think of her poor girl's innocence and inexperience at that time,—place the blame where the blame belongs,—and clasp her daughter closer than ever to her heart.

VIRGIE. (R.) Jack, you're a trump.

JACK. (C.) But I never played myself right.

VIRGIE. How so?

JACK. I might have won you.

VIRGIE. Never. You're altogether too handsome to have around the house. But you're cured now.

JACK. Yes,—thanks to you. We are simply good friends now.

VIRGIE. (*shakes his hand*) And it's much better, Jack. Oh, Jack, if you only could have met her before she went away from here on that fatal journey——

JACK. Don't say before, Virgie. If she was deceived the fault was hardly hers. We canonize innocence as a virtue; why is it less a virtue when, through love, it goes astray and suffers.

VIRGIE. That's true, Jack.

JACK. Doesn't Hosea know that his sister has been found?

VIRGIE. No. He is still searching in New York. But my detective did more in a week than that poor brave fellow could have done in a year. I hadn't time to notify him for I didn't dare leave his sister for fear she would escape me. I had to plead with her for hours to bring her back.

HOSEA. (*is seen coming. Outside D. in F.*) Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.

VIRGIE. (*looks out D. in F. Excitedly*) It's Hosea! It's Hosea!

JACK. (*looks over her shoulder*) And he's walking over the stone wall.

HOSEA. (*outside*) This wall wasn't built to keep out long legged men.

VIRGIE. (*with delight. Rushes down*) Hosea! To-day! How fortunate! And doesn't he look improved? (*rushes to mirror and arranges herself a little*)

JACK. (*playfully*) Virgie! Virgie! (*crosses R.*)

(HOSEA enters D. in F., with handsome satchel. He is well dressed, and less uncouth. Calls.)

HOSEA. Mother? Mother? Best room open? There must be a wedding going on. (*sees JACK. Crosses D. C.*) Hello, Jack! (*shakes hands with him heartily. Sees VIRGIE, drops his satchel nervously, and shakes hands with her with more constraint, but very joyfully*) Well,—well,—well! (*takes both their hands*) Don't wonder the best room is open. This is good to see you. But where is mother?

(*STOP MUSIC.*)

JACK. (*R. Points*) Why, Hosea, she's in there, with—

VIRGIE. (*L.*) S-h—! (*to HOSEA*) You must wait a minute.

HOSEA. But, if my mother—

VIRGIE. Can't you trust me?

HOSEA. Trust you? Why, I'd trust you with our fortune.

JACK. Your fortune?

HOSEA. Yes. That's what brought me down here;—that and the birthday. We've won the lawsuit about all that land.

VIRGIE. You have?

HOSEA. Yes. They telegraphed me to New York from the court here last night. Just met Jotham Ford rushing down here to tell mother the news; it's just got out here. Generally bad news comes by telegraph, and good news by slow freight.

VIRGIE. Your mother hasn't heard yet.

HOSEA. Good! I want to tell her that news myself. I've worked hard enough for it. It's been going through court here for five years.

JACK. It must have been a strain on you to pay those lawyers?

HOSEA. Strain? Well, I believe I was one of the first in New York to feel the financial stringency.

BOTH. Ha, ha ha! (*cross C., meet JACK*)

HOSEA. But don't you keep me from mother. I'm getting nervous.

VIRGIE. Trust to me and be patient for a moment. (*to chair R.*)

HOSEA. (C.) Jack Farquhar, eh? Same old Jack, I suppose?

JACK. (L. *Spiritedly*) No sir. A new Jack entirely. I *was* fast, wasn't I? Got rid of a lot of money, eh?

HOSEA. (R.) When you came to spend the summer here you did it in a week.

JACK. (*sits L. chair, L. 2nd*) Hosea, do you remember the lectures you used to give me?

HOSEA. Yes. Free lectures. And it seemed to me like tryin' to put out a prairie fire with a waterin' pot.

JACK. Well, let me tell you that the seed you sowed took root. I've stopped drinking and gambling for good.

HOSEA. Splendid. Ain't your sister proud of you? (*listens*)

JACK. What are you listening for?

HOSEA. A howl from the devil.

BOTH. Ha, ha, ha!

VIRGIE. (*seriously. R. of table*) Hosea,—the last time I met you—do you remember—?

HOSEA. (R. *Seriously. C. of table.* JACK *at fire-place*) Yes. I thought I was in a way to find her, but I wasn't. I went into a place that night where the lights were blazing and a piano playing, down in Chatham Square. I saw a girl slip in there out of the darkness, and my heart was in my throat,—for it—it—looked like—like—Martha. But, thank God, it wasn't! Such a sight! Women with painted faces and haunted sunken eyes, and men who looked like dogs. Smoke and noise and swearing. There was a howling mob around me in a minute

and they all yelled out and wanted to know if I wasn't going to treat. I said I was. I ordered.

JACK. (L.) You did?

HOSEA. I ordered a pitcher of water.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! Water,—in a Chatham Square dive. (UP)

HOSEA. Well, ye can't have a dive without water.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! (*rises.*)

HOSEA. (UP) You never heard of such a row; they said I wanted to poison them. If I had had any doubts about my coming from the country that mob's remarks would have settled them. I was a hayseed,—a jay,—a wayback,—a greenhorn,—a gran-ger, and a gawk. One feller wanted to send out for the fool-killer.

JACK. Oh!

HOSEA. I asked him if he had his own life insured.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Hosea, you were in a dangerous den.

HOSEA. I never thought of it. I looked at all those poor creatures, drifting to the devil, and a lump rose in my throat. I stood up on the table and I says: "I want to speak to you." The proprietor grabbed a thick stick and was going to put me out, but a big man who seemed to be spending plenty of money jumped up and said, "Let him alone." I asked if they could get me a Bible. You ought to have heard them roar. Then I remembered the little Bible that mother gave me; I always carried it here. So, I took it out and read them a chapter. Before I got half through there wasn't a sound. Then I asked them to be better men and women, and then—then I told them poor Martha's story. I didn't tell it well, for I broke down, but when I left the women were on their knees a-sobbing—and the men had gone.

VIRGIE. (*dries her eyes*) You are a noble fellow.

HOSEA. Sho! Nonsense! I ain't given her up yet. I'm goin' back again to search for her. But, really now, I'm getting alarmed about mother. She ain't sick, is she?

JACK. Never saw her looking better.

VIRGIE. She has a little surprise for you and you mustn't spoil it.

HOSEA. (*rises. Relieved*) A surprise? Oh, that's different. Wouldn't spoil it for the world, but I'll bet it's a birthday batch of her pumpkin pies. Very little pie, and mostly punk.

VIRGIE. Wait a minute. (*exits D. L. HOSEA sighs as she exits*)

JACK. A splendid girl, Hosea. And do you know that she thinks a great deal, of you?

HOSEA. Pshaw! I'd have about as much chance for her in a race with you, as a canal boat would have against the Campania.

JACK. Nonsense!

HOSEA. Then, there's her father! He don't like me.

JACK. He's changed.

HOSEA. Some men are like dollars. When you change 'em they're gone. How old is Mr. Rand?

JACK. About sixty.

HOSEA. Well, I hope he's sincere. But it seems to me that the time that some people give to the Lord is the time that nobody else will have.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! I tell you, Hosea, your chance is good. New York has improved you wonderfully since last summer.

HOSEA. Did I look so very green then?

JACK. (*doubtfully*) No—o—??

HOSEA. As green as that, eh? Well, no wonder that I drew bunco men as a molasses cask draws flies.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! (*sits L.*)

HOSEA. (*sits R. C.*) It's a great town. When I first got there I rented a two dollar a week back hall bedroom, up five flights of stairs;—lived three days on thirty cents. (*gulps*) Ate Indian meal, till I was all afire. It's cheap, you know. Second night I shared my room with a poor sick fellow who said he'd have to walk the streets all night. He had a good face,—but he got up in the morning before I was awake and stole my carpet bag and all there was in it.

JACK. (*indignantly*) Oh—oh!

HOSEA. If the good Samaritan had lived in New York he'd have been a backslider, sure.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha!

HOSEA. What are you doing now, Jack?

JACK. Oh, I'm in business with Charley Rand.

HOSEA. (*anxiously*) Not gambling again?

JACK. (*indignantly*) Gambling? No sir! I'm dealing in stocks.

HOSEA. (*quietly*) Oh, that's different.

VIRGIE. (*looks in D. L.*) Now, Mr. Howe—

HOSEA. (*going L.*) Couldn't have had more trouble if I'd been calling on Queen Victoria—But, mother could give her points about most things. (*picks up satchel. Crosses to L. D., in flat*) Got a pair of earrings in here for mother's birthday that'll stir up the whole of Peaceful Valley. (*JACK comes down a little*) Say, Jack, in the station last night, I gave five cents to a blind man, and he said he'd see me later.

(*Exits D. L. Following VIRGIE.*)

(*Knock at D. R. in F., and JOTHAM FORD puts in his head.*)

JOTHAM. How de do? (*he enters. Puts hat R. UP stage*) I saw the side gate open and the best room blinds thrown back so I s'posed Mis' Howe

must have company. I just ran over to tell her some good news about her lawsuit.

JACK. Hosea has told her.

JOTHAM. Oh, he got ahead of me, did he?

JACK. (*quietly*) Yes. He generally does, doesn't he?

JOTHAM. Now, don't be sarcastic, Mr. Farquhar. 'Cause you pay me three dollars a day,—I don't propose to take any sass from you. The board don't include that.

JACK. It doesn't include a good many things.

JOTHAM. That'll do, now. I'm too old a man to take impudence from anyone.

JACK. (*crosses UP L.*) People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

JOTHAM. (*crosses C.*) Pooh! Is Miss Rand here?

JACK. Why?

JOTHAM. Her father wants her. Hain't seen her since she came from New York. There's a lot o' mystery goin' on here,—Miss Rand coming from the depo' in a hack with a strange woman. What do all these goin's on mean?

JACK. Suppose you ask Hosea? (*exit D. in F., lighting cigar*)

JOTHAM. (*C.*) Pesky puppy! But I can't waste time on him,—it's my bread and butter I'm worryin' about. I hain't been over kind to Hosea and his mother, and since that lawsuit's gone their way, if they don't own the land my hotel stands on there ain't no shakes,—and if he only knew—Gosh! I wonder who that girl is? That cheatin' rascal, Ward Andrews, has left the country and never paid me that five hundred dollars he promised me. I wish I dared tell the whole truth. Great Scott! It might be the makin' of me. It *would* be the makin' of me. But if the girl's gone to the devil, as Ward Andrews

told me she had, it'd be an awful reckonin' for me. Awful! I'd better keep my mouth shut, as long as *she* has.

(*Enter VIRGIE D. L. She is wiping her eyes.*)

VIRGIE. I couldn't endure it,—knowing what he does. And the dear old mother with her face aglow—Oh, it was more than I could bear.

JOTHAM. (*comes down*) Your father's wonderin' about you, Miss Rand:

VIRGIE. He's been doing that all his life, Mr. Ford.

JOTHAM. Pert as a cricket, ain't ye? (*aside*) She'd be the one to help me with Hosea. He used to be gone on her. (*aloud*) Miss Rand, I wish you'd speak a good word for me to Hosea and his mother. Will we, now?

VIRGIE. Why, what can I say, Mr. Ford?

JOTHAM. Well, ye might say that I'd always seemed to take a kindly interest in 'em,—and felt proud of 'em,—and always talked Hosea up all over town—

VIRGIE. Why should I tell lies?

JOTHAM. (*indignantly*) Lies? Why, I've been as good a friend as he ever had.

VIRGIE. Then I'm sorry for him.

JOTHAM. (*in a rage*) Oh! well. If that's the way ye feel, I guess I'll be going. (*goes R., for his hat*)

(*Enter HOSEA and MARTHA D. L. He holds her round the waist fondly.*)

HOSEA. That's right, Martha, don't cry any more. You're home now, and, please God, you'll stay with us as long as you live. And here's Miss Rand who's done it all—and as for Ward Andrews—

MARTHA. (*at sight of JOTHAM*) Oh!! (*hides her face in her hands*)

HOSEA. What is it, Martha.

(JOTHAM, *terror stricken, tries to exit D. in F.*)

MARTHA. (*vehemently*) Don't let him go. He is the Justice of the Peace who performed that shameful ceremony.

HOSEA. What? Jotham Ford? (*rushes to him and drags him DOWN stage from door where he is about exiting. Raises his arm as if to strike him, then lets it fall again*) Jotham Ford! You!

JOTHAM. (*desperately*) Yes, I did it,—and I glory in it. I performed that ceremony.

MARTHA. (*bitterly*) But took good care to do it in a state where you had no authority.

JOTHAM. No. I married you in our state, ten minutes before we crossed the state line.

(VIRGIE *crosses to* MARTHA.)

MARTHA. What?

JOTHAM. And I've got the witnesses to prove it, too. Ward Andrews lied to ye.

MARTHA. (*excitedly*) Do you mean this?

HOSEA. Jotham Ford, if you're lyin' to us now, you'll know no peace in this world, nor the next.

JOTHAM. I'm tellin' the truth.

VIRGIE. (*scornfully*) And you have allowed these poor people to suffer all this time?

JOTHAM. I was afraid of Andrews. But I'll make amends now. Just wait here a minute till I run to the hotel for them names and addresses. (*exits D. in (exits D. L.)*)

MARTHA. Oh, let me go to mother. Oh, let me go to mother. It must be true,—it must. I want to tell her everything. (*goes L.*)

HOSEA. Let me go with you, Martha.

MARTHA. No, brother dear, let me go alone. (*exits D. L.*)

HOSEA. (*drops in chair L.*) I feel as if I was choking (*rises and goes to VIRGIE*) Do you think he was telling the truth?

VIRGIE (R.) Yes, I do.

HOSEA (C.) And it's all owing to you. You found her—you brought her home.

VIRGIE. (R.) I only did what you would have done.

HOSEA. (*nervously*) I wish I could tell you the effect you have on me. You're a kind of mixture of honey and sunshine and music and flowers all twined around a rainbow.

VIRGIE. How lovely and poetic!

HOSEA. You always make me feel nobler and better. When you leave me the sun seems to go out.

VIRGIE. (*ingenuously*) That is precisely how I feel about you. (*they look in each other's eyes a moment earnestly*)

HOSEA. (*with an effort*) I—I—s'pose you're in love with some of those handsome city men.

VIRGIE. Indeed I'm not. They're too shallow for me. I like intellect, nobility of thought, goodness, character.

HOSEA. Must be kinder lonesome in New York, ain't you?

VIRGIE. (*demurely*) I was,—till you came there.
 (*He is just reaching out awkwardly to take her hand when NIOBE enters D. L., running. She jumps on HOSEA'S neck and he whirls her around and then puts her down.*)

NIOBE. (*joyously*) Oh, Mr. Howe, I've heard everything, and I'm so happy.—(*changes her tone*) That is, I *would* be happy if it wasn't for Charley's flirting.

HOSEA. Flirting?

(VIRGIE crosses D. R.)

NIOBE. Just saw him talking to that tall widow again. (*crosses R. to VIRGIE*) Virgie, don't you ever get married. (*looks at her meaningly, and then*

at HOSEA. *They are much confused*) A man! A thing with two eyes, two ears, a deceitful mouth, spider legs and no sense. A man! a thing who folds you to his heart tight,—just where a love letter from another girl is lying, the same as he is. A man! a biped that runs after you a year, and then gets tired of you in a day. I have no wish to be *personal* (*with great dignity*) but I am just giving you the results of *my* experiences. (*gives them another knowing look and exits D. in F., with much dignity*)

HOSEA. Phew! I feel as if there's been a fire. What's Charley done?

VIRGIE. Nothing. I know all about the widow. Charley and she are getting up a little surprise for Niobe's birthday.

HOSEA. Oh! Let me join it?

VIRGIE. Oh, what a happy day for you and yours? Your sister home again, your lawsuit won, your professorship gained,—you have everything you wish——

HOSEA. Not quite.

VIRGIE. Then you must be a very unreasonable man. Look at the comfort your money can give you.

HOSEA. Money's a great power,—I don't deny that. I always remember what the schoolmaster said about it.

VIRGIE. What did he say?

HOSEA. (*dramatically*) If you have money you can do as you please. Scandal dies before it,—poverty slinks away into the four corners of the earth,—success is chained to it, and the trumpets of fame never sound so loud a blast as when they're made of precious metal. The world doesn't care how much *dust* you throw in its eyes so long as it's *gold* dust.

VIRGIE. And he *lived* on that?

HOSEA. No. He *died* on it.

VIRGIE. Oh!

HOSEA. You can't live long on ten cents a day, as

I did, before you find out that money is the oil that keeps the machinery of life from friction,—but I—I—(*nervously*) I want someone to—to—share it with me.

VIRGIE. (*shyly*) You have your mother and your sister—

HOSEA. (*gasps*) 'Tisn't just the same. If mother runs over to some of the neighbors' to sit up all night with someone, I miss her, of course, but I don't have that gone feeling that I do when—when—(*looks at her*)

VIRGIE. (R. C., *shyly*) Yes, Hosea.

HOSEA. (L. C.) That I feel when—when—

(MR. RAND and JOTHAM enter D. in F., and stand there, unseen, looking on.)

VIRGIE. Well,—Hosea? (*she steals her hand softly into his. JOTHAM nudges RAND, who makes a movement forward, then stops*)

HOSEA. (*to her*) Would you—would you—(*braces himself for an effort*) Could you—(*quite a pause*) Could you—accept mother as a permanent parent?

VIRGIE. Yes, Hosea—(*he clasps her in his arms. RAND DOWN R.*) but you must speak to papa.

HOSEA. (*as he clasps her, looks over her shoulder and sees RAND*) I will. How do you do, Mr. Rand.

(VIRGIE tears herself from his arms and runs over to her father as JACK and MATRHA enter D. L.)

RAND. Virgie.—Virgie!

HOSEA. Mr. Rand—

RAND. (*holds out his hand*) Mr. Howe, I want you to accept an apology from me, long delayed.

HOSEA. There's something else that I'd like to accept from you.

RAND. Ahem! So I infer.

HOSEA. Mr. Rand, do you think too much of your daughter's happiness to allow her to accept a man who devoutly loves her, even if he is—*rich?* (RAND turns UP stage with VIRGIE, laughing)

JOTHAM. Here's them names and addresses. I'll get them people here inside of two days.

HOSEA. And I'll have the best lawyer in the state to cut Martha loose from that man.

JACK. Good!

(Enter PHYLLIS, followed by NIOBE and CHARLEY D. L.)

PHYLLIS. I want ye all to stay to dinner. It's my birthday, and the happiest one I ever knew.

HOSEA. Mother,—have you a good recipe for wedding cake? (takes VIRGIE to her and explains in pantomime what has occurred)

JACK. (to MARTHA) Can I sit beside you at dinner?

MARTHA. If you wish, Mr. Farquhar.

JOTHAM. Hosea, you mustn't forget me. You own the land my hotel stands on, and,—speakin' of my hotel,—

HOSEA. (between VIRGIE and MARTHA, and holding the hand of each) We aren't here to advertise any hotel, Jotham—but, jumping hotel to home,—and there's a long jump between them,—(to audience)

If you ever do happen down our way,

On business, or on pleasure bound,
One thing, or the other,

Why, take the Peaceful Valley road,
And—just drop in on mother.

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

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Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

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JUST PUBLISHED
Nothing But the Truth

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery

Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3. " " " "

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

PRICE 60 CENTS

JUST PUBLISHED,

CHRISTOPHER JUNIOR

A Comedy in 4 Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Modern costume. Time, 2½ hours. Three interior scenes; 8 males, 4 females. Christopher Jedbury, Jr., having accidentally placed himself in an unfortunate position with a lady in the West Indies, is forced to marry her without seeing her. He returns to England. His father finds out about the marriage, quarrels with him, and turns him out. Jedbury, Jr., goes to India as a clerk in his father's office, there discovers defalcations by the manager, and falls in love with Dora Hedway. He is reconciled to his father, and Dora turns out to be his wife. Highly recommended for amateurs.

Price, 60 Cents.

MICE AND MEN

A Romantic Comedy. Four Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Costume about 1786. Time, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Three interior, one exterior scene; 7 males, 5 females. Mark Embury, a man of over forty, is of opinion that the perfect wife must be educated from a state of ignorance and simplicity to the ideal of the man she is about to marry. He accordingly proceeds to impart his views to a girl fresh from the Foundling. His young nephew comes on the scene, and Embury realizes that nature intended the young to mate with the young. This beautiful costume comedy can be played by all females, and is highly recommended for use by girls' schools and colleges. This play was originally produced by Mr. Charles Frohman with Miss Annie Russell in the leading role.

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SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM

A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Mark Ambient. Modern costume. Time, 2¼ hours. One interior scene throughout; 3 males, 4 females. Bernard Gray, a composer of music, lives in a garret in Soho. Under his charge is a young girl in the ballet, whose mother had died when she was young. Hubert Gray, the brother of Bernard, rescues a wealthy old gentleman from an accident, the latter eventually turning out to be the girl's father.

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A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast.

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